

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,046

DECEMBER 14, 1889

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,046.—Vol. XL.
Registered as a Newspaper

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1889

THIRTY-TWO PAGES
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post 9½d.



WITH THE BLACKFEET INDIANS, FOCKLINGTON'S RESERVE—LADY PHOTOGRAPHERS "FIXING" A WAR DANCE
TO THE NEW WEST WITH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA OVER THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

Topics of the Week

GAS STRIKES.—The well-organised campaign against the Gas Companies has now arrived at a crisis. At Bristol, and one or two other towns, success crowned the effort, owing to the ineptitude of those whose duty it was to prevent the intimidation of the willing workers. But at Manchester, where the Municipality purveys the gas supply, the authorities proved equal to the occasion, and the strikers found a very much tougher job on their hands than they had anticipated. It will be a grave discredit to London if her police fail to meet the emergency with equal firmness. Or perhaps it would be fairer to say that the responsibility of affording effectual protection to the South Metropolitan Company's works and men rests on the Home Office. Like master, like man; as Mr. Matthews purposes, so will Mr. Monro act. They need not fear to outrage public feeling, as in the case of the dockers' strike. In that instance, the strike was against starvation wages; in the present, no pretence is raised that the scale of remuneration is insufficient to provide a comfortable living. Nor are the hours of toil unduly long, or its requirements unduly exhausting. Among the whole of the working classes, there are few better off, taking one thing with another, than the gas-workers. Their only cause for quarrelling with their employers is that the latter have offered to give such of their hands as engage for twelve months a specific share of the profits over and above the current rate of wages. This is declared to be contrary to "the spirit of Trade Unionism," whatever that may mean, and for merely making the offer—it was, be it remembered, purely optional for the men to refuse or accept—the Company is placed under interdict. So far as that goes, the public have no part in the matter; the men had as much right to refuse the proposal, liberal as it seems to outsiders, as the directors had to make it. But the public interest is very closely concerned in the prevention of intimidation, coercion, and other brutal means of hindering the Company from carrying on its business with fresh hands. Hundreds are ready at once to take the places of the malcontents; there would be no difficulty, apparently, in filling up the muster-roll in an hour or two with reasonably competent men. Unless, however, Mr. Matthews sets Scotland Yard in action, many Londoners who are now hostile to the transfer of police control to the County Council will consider that any change would be for the better.

IRELAND.—For some time past political speakers of both parties have been inclined to take a more hopeful view of the condition of affairs in Ireland than is warranted by facts. The Unionists are naturally desirous to show that order has been restored by the much-maligned Crimes Act; the Separatists, on the other hand, are never weary of asserting that the self-control exhibited by Irishmen under their "many grievous provocations" proves that they are ripe for Home Rule. It is to be feared, however, that this rose-coloured estimate is visionary, and that the old evil spirit of truculence and violence is as rife as ever, though no doubt greatly repressed by the firmer attitude exhibited by the present Government. It has been consistently urged in these columns that the sole valid objection to Home Rule is the possibility that the majority would presently begin to oppress and ill-use the minority. Englishmen and Scotchmen, who live securely in their own countries, may possibly ridicule the likelihood of this peril; but Irish Loyalists, who have to dwell among the people to whom under Home Rule the safety of their property and lives would be entrusted, perceive that it is a very real peril indeed. When a newspaper like *United Ireland* glorifies as a hero Father John Murphy, who in 1798 perpetrated at Vinegar Hill a series of cold-blooded massacres as atrocious as any which disgraced the Reign of Terror in France, the readers of this kind of literature, mostly hot-headed and ignorant persons, not unnaturally believe that all kinds of cruel and lawless deeds are excusable if done on behalf of the sacred cause of national independence. To this spirit may be traced the moonlighting outrages, which are still pretty frequent; the murder of Inspector Martin; the virtual murder of Captain Plunkett (for the blow he received caused his death); the brutal murder of the care-taker Kelly; the attempt to blow up an evicting party at Woodford with an infernal machine (Mr. Shaw-Lefevre coolly describes this affair as a "plant"); the boycotting of cattle-dealers; and the ruin brought on the town of Tipperary by the refusal to pay rent to Mr. Smith-Barry because he interfered in the Ponsonby dispute. Surely the recital of this grim catalogue compels the reflection that the most formidable foes to Home Rule are the Irish Nationalists themselves!

DOM PEDRO'S DETHRONEMENT.—It was anticipated that when Dom Pedro arrived in Europe a flood of light would be thrown on the circumstances which led to the Revolution in Brazil. This expectation has not been disappointed. The ex-Emperor himself has not been communicative on the subject, but full information has now been gained from other sources. The immediate cause of the great transformation scene is to be found in military ambition, though even in Brazil

soldiers would not have thought of sending their Sovereign about his business if they had not had behind them some political or social force on which they could rely. So far, the Revolution has been remarkably successful. Order has been maintained, and the change which has been effected has not, apparently, evoked any kind of serious protest. It is too early, however, to infer that the new rulers have surmounted all the difficulties in their way. They obviously did not at first feel sure that they would have the mass of the people on their side, for they took good care that the Imperial family should have no opportunity of being seen before starting on the voyage for Europe. The real position of affairs will be revealed only when the national representatives come together. Not till then will it be known whether provinces which have never had much regard for one another will care to remain united as a Republic. Meanwhile, Dom Pedro does not seem to lament very deeply the loss of his Crown. His tastes are those of a student rather than those of an Emperor, and he will probably be much happier in his laboratory and among his books than he ever was when seated among Councillors of State. If he had been less a professor, and more a man of action, he would not have been so easily turned out of his dominions. The simplicity of character which blinded him to the necessity for watchfulness was singularly out of place in an Imperial Palace in South America.

BURIAL REFORM.—All Londoners, rich and poor alike, are indebted to the Duke of Westminster for drawing public attention to the evils which now accompany intra-mural burial. The point of his argument, which he presses home with irresistible force, is that great urban communities must speedily elect between sending away their dead to desolate places at a considerable distance, or adopting some form of coffin which will not serve as a reservoir for deadly gases. Cremation is too expensive for all but the wealthy; removal to a distance is open to the same objection, in a less degree. But were a popular demand to arise for coffins composed of some material which would speedily dissolve in contact with the earth, a cheap supply would certainly be forthcoming. Wicker baskets have been proposed, but the change would be too great for British prejudice to accept all at once. If, however, the receptacle were made of a soluble material which looked as hard and enduring as deal boarding, there would be little shock to the feeling which conceives it impossible to give decent sepulture to loved remains without keeping them from contact with the earth. Burial reform has made very little progress in England principally because its advocates, instead of humouring national prejudices, have run tilt against them. That is not the way to deal with the innate conservatism of our insular character: ancient notions can only be eradicated by slow and patient education. Nevertheless, the Duke's letter is well timed: society required to be roused up again to the awful danger of maintaining, in the midst of dense populations, great reservoirs of disease. And, although it must be admitted that the horrifying details given by his Grace make nauseating reading, even the squeamish must recognise the necessity of speaking plainly on a matter of vital consequence to this thickly-populated land.

AUSTRALASIAN DEFENCE.—Lord Carnarvon delivered a very interesting address on this subject before the London Chamber of Commerce on Tuesday. He justly described the defensive arrangements at present existing as constituting "an excellent bargain for the Australian Colonies." For they are responsible only for the local safeguards, that is to say, the forts and the troops to man them; whereas the mother country finds the men-of-war, the crews, and the coaling stations. Our share is plainly the most vital, as it is incomparably the most costly, part of the business; for so long as we can keep an efficient squadron in those seas, no enemy could effect a lodgment on Australasian territory in force enough to do any serious mischief. If, however, our squadron should be dispersed, or defeated, or compelled to return home to aid in protecting these islands, the Australians would be placed in an awkward predicament. Lord Carnarvon appears to underrate the vulnerability of Australia under such circumstances. For if a bold and determined enemy were to seize three or four of the coast-towns, which contain about one-third of the whole population, he would practically have the country at his mercy. Herein lies the military weakness of Australia, that it is a continent of big towns, with a very sparsely-peopled back country. Lord Carnarvon probably deemed it wise to keep silence on another question, which nevertheless ought to be mentioned. Would Australasia necessarily approve of any war in which the Mother Country might find herself involved? If it arose out of the Eastern Question, or even out of some alleged Russian aggression on our Indian frontiers, might Australasia not say: "I am a long way off, I prefer to keep neutral"? We do not imply that she would be right or wise in this decision, we merely state the possibility. Except about French convicts, or the annexation of Pacific islands, Australasia is unlikely to get into a squabble with any European Power. We must not argue from the analogy of our North American Colonies in the middle of the last century. They went heartily into the 'Seven Years' War because of their perpetual fur-trading quarrels with the French.

MENDING OR ENDING THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—Mr. John Morley proposes that Peers, if they choose, should have the right to resign for their lifetime their seats in the House of Lords, and should thereby become eligible for seats in the House of Commons. There are several Peers who, so far as they are personally concerned, would probably be delighted if this plan could be carried out. To men like Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery it must be provoking to have to play their part as statesmen in a House which no longer exercises a commanding influence over public opinion. They love the excitement of political conflict, and would like nothing better than to meet the most powerful of their opponents face to face. The scheme, however, has no chance of being accepted, for every one can see that it would be but the first step towards the ending of the House of Lords. That is a consummation which the Conservatives will certainly do nothing to hasten, and we may doubt whether even the Radicals are particularly anxious to bring it about. It would lead to a considerable—perhaps a very great—increase of Tory strength in the House of Commons; and, from the Radical point of view, such a result would be more deplorable than the evils which are supposed to be inseparable from a hereditary Second Chamber. Would the mending of the House of Lords be a more acceptable alternative? The Radicals are very far from being united in thinking that it would. To mend the House of Lords would be to give it more power; and, if it had more power, who can tell to what use it would put its renewed vigour? At present it does not venture to offer a very prolonged resistance to any measure which the House of Commons is bent on passing. It may insist on an appeal being made to the country; but it yields to an unmistakable expression of the national will. If its members were appointed by some form of election, it is possible that they might be less submissive, and in that case trouble would be inevitable. The difficulties connected with change in the direction either of mending or ending are so serious, that, upon the whole, the present generation is more likely to leave the question alone than to deal with it rashly.

INSANITARY DWELLINGS.—When discovery is made of some terrible pest-centre in a town, society is apt to hold up its hands in astonishment, wondering that the law suffers such horrors to exist. That is a pure hallucination; the law does not sanction, either directly or indirectly, anything calculated to poison the air of human dwellings. The blame lies with those who omit to put it in force. Sanitary inspectors cannot see into every corner, and sniff at every malodorous drain. They perform those unpleasant duties as far as they are able, but their numbers would have to be increased twenty-fold to insure the work being done in a really thorough manner. Where the fault lies is with the public for not directing the attention of these hard-working officials to insanitary dwellings. Sooner than take that trouble, numbers of people will run daily risk of catching some deadly disease. How long was it, we wonder, before discovery was made of the shocking condition of certain houses at New Southgate, whose peculiarities were described at the Highgate Police-court last Monday? The property of an apparently well-to-do auctioneer, these dwellings were not fit to harbour swine in, much less human beings. Drains were found blocked up, and their ventilation a mere sham, while there were no flushing cisterns, and the cess-pools in some instances were full to the brim. There was nothing accidental about it; that might have been a plausible excuse for a single house, but when five alongside one another, and all belonging to the same owner, were much of a muchness in their villainous, wilful neglect seems demonstrated. But the moral of the nasty revelation is the important matter; it is that when local boards, sanitary inspectors, and medical officers of health discharge their respective duties, the law affords ample powers for the suppression of pest-centres.

CRETE.—As we have had occasion to remark before, the position in Crete is not unlike the position in Ireland, or rather as Ireland would be with a certain degree of Home Rule. The Christians and Mussulmans correspond to the Loyalists and the Nationalists, while the colony of malcontents assembled at Athens finds its analogue in the Fenian and Clan-na-Gael coteries of the United States. Meanwhile the recent news from Crete is less encouraging than it was. The Sultan's *Irâdê* is much criticised. In the first place it is said that the terms of the amnesty are not sufficiently ample, and that many of the refugees, if they go back, will find themselves in custody for offences against the ordinary law; which, judging by Irish precedents, is extremely probable. Secondly, the Sultan has been compelled to modify the results of Home Rule in the Assembly, and by adopting a less democratic method of election, and by increasing the number of Balfourians (we mean Mussulmans) at the expense of the Parnellites, that is to say, of the Christians. The chief danger now is that the Greeks, who naturally sympathise with their fellow religionists, may compel M. Tricoupis to abandon his prudent attitude, and give such substantial aid to the Cretans as to induce a regular insurrection. We venture to suggest a heroic solution of the difficulty. The Sultan must be sick of Crete. If the island were handed over to Greece she might not be able to treat the Moslem population fairly. Why should not the

German Emperor be entrusted with the protectorate of Crete? In exchange, he might assuage the jealousy of his Western neighbours by restoring to them a portion of the provinces annexed in 1871. Monarchs are fond of talking about peace and meanwhile preparing for war; let one of the most powerful among them try his hand at a real bit of pacification.

GENERAL BOULANGER'S LATEST DEFEAT.—The Boulangists profess to be extremely indignant with the French Chamber for having confirmed the election of M. Joffin. It is doubtful, however, whether their anger is in reality quite so intense as it appears to be. A new election would have cost a good deal of money, and General Boulanger has not now so many resources at his disposal as he had some months ago. Moreover, it is not at all certain that he would have been successful. At the time of the General Election, the people of Montmartre were of opinion that the choice of Paris would be the choice of France. This illusion has been dispelled, and it is quite possible that in Montmartre, as in other places, the majority of the electors have no particular wish to be on the losing side. However this may be, the Chamber had no alternative but to take the course it adopted. Whether General Boulanger was justly condemned by the High Court or not, the fact of his condemnation deprived him of the right of becoming a Deputy; and M. Joffin, having polled more than half of the legally-recorded votes, and one-fourth of the registered electors, was necessarily declared the chosen candidate. It would be rash to assume that France will never again think of yielding herself to a Saviour of Society. If the Republic makes another long series of mistakes, she may perhaps, in a fit of despair, prefer what is called order to freedom that brings with it no practical advantage. But it is most unlikely that, if she is ever tempted to do this, she will turn to General Boulanger as her deliverer. He has been too thoroughly discredited to regain the position he has lost. The Republicans, therefore, have an excellent chance of strengthening their hold over the country, and we must hope that after the Christmas recess they will lose no time in giving proof of their capacity for wise and useful work.

THE NATIONAL LEPROSY FUND.—Father Damien will not have sacrificed his noble life without profit if that piteous martyrdom influences society to give more thought to leprosy. That the dreadful disease is slowly spreading seems to be beyond dispute, but, owing to so little attention having been given to it in Europe, its stealthy strides are not noticed. None too soon, therefore, is a movement on foot, under the most distinguished auspices, to help those stricken, so far as medical aid can help them, and to gather facts relating to the scourge, both in Europe and Asia. For the latter purpose, two endowed studentships are to be created, the holders of which will, so to speak, go on a hunt after lepers in all countries where they are known to exist. By this means, it is hoped to collect a number of authenticated data for science to work upon. But the major work of the "National Leprosy Fund," as the new organisation is called, will be to carry medical attendance and human sympathy to poverty-stricken lepers in all parts of the British Empire. The purpose is admirable, but it may be doubted, perhaps, whether a private association is the best possible instrumentality for covering the ground. Take India, for instance; there are many lepers in her population. But for private endeavour to track and treat each case would involve enormous labour and expense, whereas the Indian Government, if it took the matter in hand, would not be put to either, in any appreciable degree. Its civil and police services could do the tracking; its medical officers would cheerfully undertake all the rest; while a small and inexpensive sub-department could superintend the campaign and report results. It will be well, nevertheless, to have a private association in existence to prevent officialdom from slumbering after an initial effort or two. And what better name could it take than the "Damien Society," unless that has already been appropriated by some other organisation? Be the name what it may, the design is a good one, and the Prince of Wales may make sure of receiving a substantial subscription list when he presides at the forthcoming inaugural banquet.

CHILDREN IN PANTOMIMES.—The modification introduced into the Cruelty to Children Act will certainly not be approved of by such persons as Mrs. Fawcett, who believe that the employment of young children in theatres is altogether prejudicial to their health and morals. Under the terms of the Act, as finally amended, magistrates have the power of granting licenses permitting the employment of children providing that the circumstances are such as they can approve; and, according to a recent decision of one of the metropolitan magistrates, the consent of the parents appears to afford sufficient ground for granting the required certificate. It is obvious that, if this view were generally taken, the Act, as regards theatrical children, would be a dead letter, because parental consent is always forthcoming; and the main contention of those who opposed this modification in the original Bill was that young children required protection against the avarice of their parents. We observe, however, that the

Penge magistrates, in granting a license for the Crystal Palace Company, adopted a less debatable ground for their consent, stating that they granted the application because they were satisfied that the children who were engaged to appear in the forthcoming pantomime "would be thoroughly well cared for." And, as the other day another magistrate refused to allow a father to exhibit his two boys as juvenile professors of the noble art of self-defence, we judge that the Act, even in its present form, may exercise a wholesome restraint in cases where hitherto the greed of parents and the unscrupulousness of employers has wrought real injury to young children.

FRANCE AND GERMAN UNITY.—It is a highly significant fact that the German Emperor was received with enthusiasm during his visit to Frankfurt. Twenty-three years ago, when the city was annexed to Prussia, it had scarcely a single adult inhabitant who did not feel that what had been done would have to be undone. The people of Frankfurt loathed the idea of being Prussians, and longed for the time when Austria would regain supremacy in Germany, and grant them independence again. Yet now, when the German Emperor appears among them, they exhaust every means of showing that he is welcome; and this they do not only as citizens of the Empire, but as subjects of the Prussian Crown. A like change has taken place in Hanover and in the other territories annexed in 1866; and this is in keeping with the wider fact that all the States which compose the Empire are becoming increasingly enthusiastic in their devotion to Imperial institutions. How are we to account for this remarkable political phenomenon? It cannot be explained by anything the Prussian Government has done, for the Prussian Government seldom takes pains to make itself agreeable either to those whom it rules or to other Governments. The explanation is to be found chiefly in the anti-German feeling of France. Soon after the war of 1870-71 it became manifest that the tendency to what the Germans call "Particularism" was still strong in the various German States; and it is almost certain that, if there had been no external pressure, this tendency would have seriously endangered the success of Prince Bismarck's Unionist policy. The prospect of a "war of revenge" has, however, compelled the Germans to suppress, as far as possible, their mutual jealousies, for they know that they can be safe only by holding together, and by thinking rather of the things about which they agree than of those about which they differ. It is plain that the hatred felt by Frenchmen for Germany has done more than all other causes to make her united and strong.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER, as far as the Publishing Office is concerned, is OUT OF PRINT, but a few copies are still obtainable at the various Booksellers and Railway Bookstalls.

In "NOËL," the French edition of Our Christmas Number, the names of both Mr. D. Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Herman have been accidentally omitted as joint authors of "Le Serment," the translation of "A Singular Sense of Duty." Mr. Herman's name was also inadvertently omitted from the advertisement of the Christmas Number in our last month's issues.

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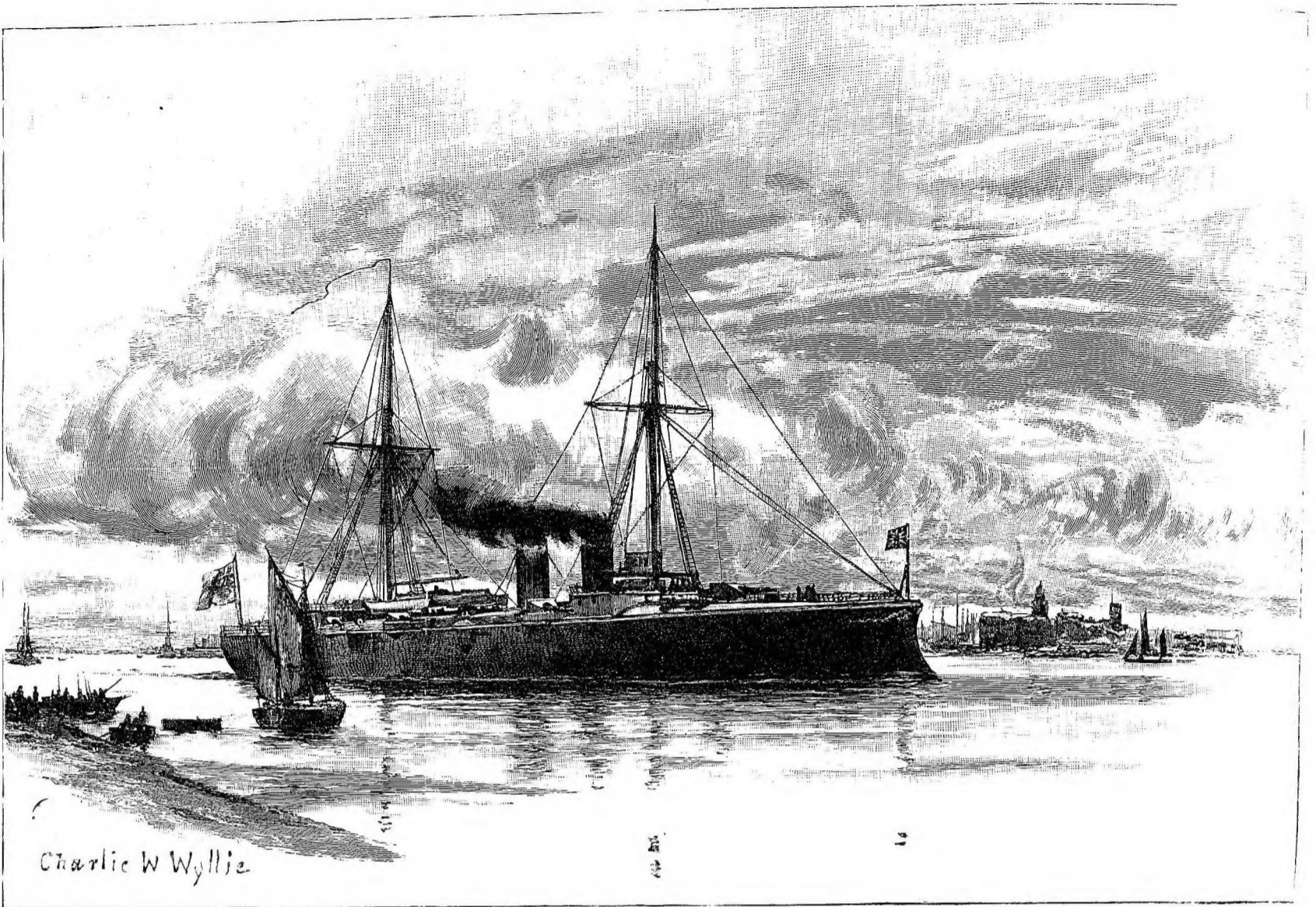
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"THE GONDOLIERS" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE—THE QUINTETTE IN THE FIRST ACT



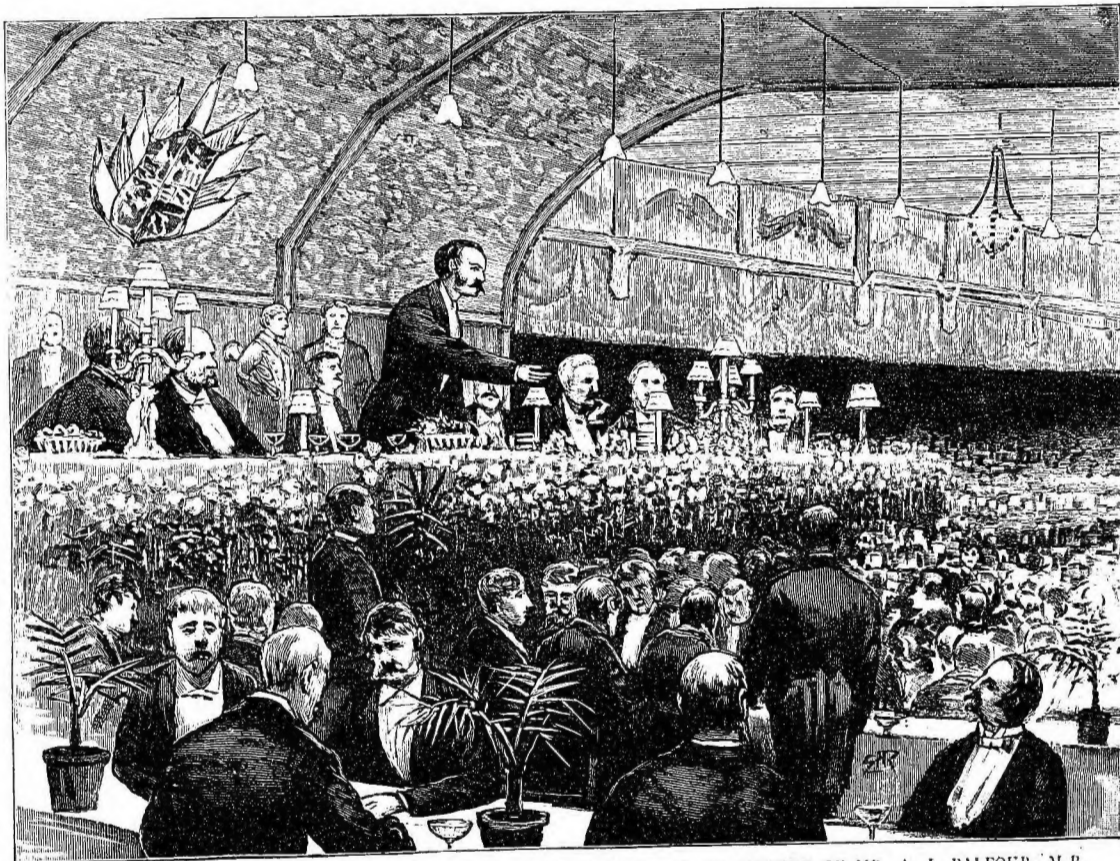
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Born April 8, 1838. Died December 6, 1889

THE BALFOUR BANQUET AT EDINBURGH

AFTER a visit to Glasgow on December 3rd, where he was entertained at the West of Scotland Union Club, and in return regaled the members with a speech, Mr. Balfour proceeded to Edinburgh, where, on the day following, a grand *tamasha* was held. The Waverley Market was transformed for the occasion into a magnificent banquetting hall, covers being laid for 2,700 persons. The chairman's platform was situated on the south side of the Market, while along the north and east sides were galleries four stages deep, occupied by ladies in evening dress, the whole forming a brilliant and interesting spectacle. The hall was divided into six compartments, each having a separate entrance. The wall space was divided by pilasters into panels, and in the centre of these panels were trophies of crested shields and flags. The hall was lighted by electricity. The banquet was one of the largest that has ever been held in Scotland, and the arrangements were both elaborate and complete. The Duke of Fife occupied the



THE UNIONIST BANQUET AT THE WAVERLEY MARKET, EDINBURGH, IN HONOUR OF MR. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

chair, the Lord Advocate of Scotland being croupier. The chairman was supported by a number of Scottish noblemen and gentlemen. Mr. Balfour made a powerful speech, in which he criticised Mr. Gladstone's recent utterances at Manchester, and delivered "a lucid and conclusive statement of the case against Home Rule."

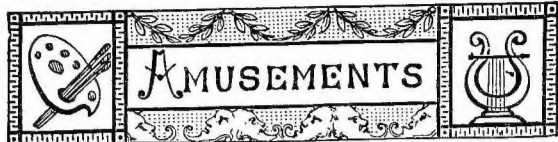
"BAULKED"

"THERE is no finer country in the world for pig-sticking," says Mr. G. Mills, of Duntose House, Cirencester, to whom we are indebted for our sketch, "than the banks of the Brahmapootra River, in the Runghur district of Northern Bengal. In the hottest month of the year the high grass can be fired, and hogs rush out in all directions to save their bacon. On one occasion three members of the Runghur Tent Club were in ardent pursuit of a bouncing boar, when, to their surprise, he suddenly made a bolt right through the midst of the flaming jungle. By this plucky manoeuvre he was enabled to evade his persecutors, though at the imminent risk of becoming the subject of a new essay upon Roast Pig."



"ANY PORT IN A STORM"—THE BOAR EVADES CAPTURE BY GOING THROUGH THE PRAIRIE FIRE
PIG-STICKING ON THE BRAMAPOOTRA CHURS—"BAULKED"

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THE 60TH RIFLES."



LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART.—A Story of the French Revolution.—Every Evening at Eight o'clock, **THE DEAD HEART**: Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton; Miss Phillips and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, 10 to 5. Matinees Monday and Tuesday, 23rd and 24th December, at 2.30.—**LYCEUM.**

GLOBE THEATRE.—MR. F. R. BENSON'S SHAKE-SPIERIAN COMPANY, will RE-OPEN the GLOBE THEATRE, THURSDAY, December 19th, with a Production of Shakespeare's Fairy Comedy, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
Box-office open daily from 10 to 5. Admission, Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 5s. (numbered and reserved); Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Acting Manager, Mr. H. JALLAND.—**GLOBE THEATRE.**

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.
—MONDAY, December 16, Last Night of the Season and Annual Benefit of Mrs. S. Lane. Commence at 6.45 with **STATUE BLANCHE**. Dolph Rowella and Troupe. **WEALTH**. Mrs. S. Lane and Company. **VARIETIES**.—Walter Munro, Willie Crackles, Paragon Quartette; Miss Edith Howes, Edith French, Myra Massey, Floretta. **THE BRITANNIA FESTIVAL**. Concluding with **DICK TURPIN** the SECOND.—On Boxing Day at 12, **GRAND COMIC PANTOMIME, THE BOLD BAD BARON.**

BARNUM'S GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH, And IMRE KIRALFY'S NERO, AT OLYMPIA,
Exhibiting for a Short Season in London only.
TWELVE STUPENDOUS SHOWS FOR ONE PRICE.
THREE CIRCUSES, TWO STAGES, HIPPODROME, DOUBLE MENAGERIE, MUSEUM OF LIVING CURIOSITIES, SUPERNATURAL ILLUSIONS, THE GRAND SPECTACLE OF NERO; OR THE DESTRUCTION OF ROME.
DAILY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT EXHIBITIONS
DOORS OPEN at 12 NOON, and 6 P.M.
PERFORMANCES BEGIN at 2 and 8 p.m.
PRICES: Amphitheatre, 1s.; Balcony, 2s.; Upper Dress Circle, 4s.; Stalls, 5s. and 6s.; Boxes, Two and Three Guineas. Every Seat is Numbered. Seats Booked at Olympia and 28, Piccadilly

ST. JAMES'S HALL.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
HALL WILL BE CLOSED
ON AND AFTER TO-MORROW (MONDAY), December 16
UNTIL THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS
for the purpose of having
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT INSTALLED.

GALLERY of MYSTERY, corner of Dean Street, Oxford Street. Startling Illusions. Utterly Inexplicable. Hereat specially engaged. Daily Three and Eight.

GLADWELL'S FINE ART GALLERY
NOW ON EXHIBITION.
SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
Several
NEW AND CHOICE ETCHINGS,
For which subscribers' names are now being received, and which will be ready in time for delivery before Christmas, amongst which are included some of the choicest works of the most popular painters and etchers. Particulars on application
GLADWELL BROTHERS,
The City of London Fine Art Gallery,
20 and 21, Gracechurch Street, E.C.
Established over half a century.



ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY—PHOTOGRAPHING A WAR-DANCE

DESPITE their outward appearance of gravity, the North American Indians are fond of dancing; and their dances, whether festal, warlike, or funeral, are very picturesque. But the war-dance has lost the terrible significance which it possessed in the old days of primitive savagery, when the braves thus wound themselves up for battle, calmly going forth when the ceremony was over to scalp or to be scalped as Fortune might have it. In these degenerate days, the war-dance has become a mere performance or show; although, like his forefathers, the Indian still decks his dress with beads, shells, and feathers, and makes his scalp-lock prominent with eagles' plumes. In Mr. Villiers' sketch, Lady Stanley (the wife of the Governor-General) is represented in the act of photographing an Indian warrior in the midst of his barbaric fandango.

H.M.S. "BLAKE"

IN our issue of November 30th we gave an illustration of the launch of this vessel from Chatham Dockyard on the previous Saturday, the 23rd. Now we show her riding at anchor in Portsmouth Harbour. She is remarkable as being the heaviest unarmoured cruiser in the world, her only protection being the steel deck which extends from end to end of her hull inside, and covers all the vital parts. Speed is to be the *Blake's* particular characteristic. She will have two independent sets of triple expansion engines, which, under forced draught, will (or so my Lords expect) develop 20,000 h.p., and drive her twenty-two knots an hour; and under natural draught will develop 13,000 h.p., and drive her twenty knots. Her armament will consist of two 9.2 inch 22-ton guns and ten 6-inch breechloaders, besides machine-guns and torpedo-tubes. Her length is 375 ft., her breadth 65 ft., her draught 27 ft. forward and 28 ft. aft, and her estimated cost 430,653*l*. If she does all that her builders expect she will be cheap at the money.

"THE GONDOLIERS" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

See page 734

SIR H. D. TORRENS

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR HENRY D'O'LY TORRENS, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., was the son of the late Mr. H. W. Torrens, of the Bengal Civil Service. Born in 1833, he was educated at Rugby, and in 1849 entered the Army. He served with distinction during the Crimean War, was present at the battles of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman (where he was wounded), and at the Siege of Sebastopol, was mentioned in despatches, and granted the rank of Brevet-Major. He was again mentioned in despatches for his services during the Mutiny. He was present at the Fall of Lucknow, at the defeat of the Gwalior contingent at Cawnpore, and the campaign in Oude. For some years afterwards he was Assistant Adjutant-General in Bengal. Then, after a period of non-employment, he was in 1880 given the command of the Belfast district, being subsequently transferred to Cork. In 1885 he was given the command of the troops at the Cape of Good Hope, and in September of last year was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta, which position he held at the time of his death. Sir Henry, who married in 1876 a daughter of the late Colonel De Butts, R.E.,

was made C.B. in 1867, K.C.B. in 1887, and K.C.M.G. in May of this year. The funeral took place on Wednesday, December 4th, at Brompton Cemetery. At a very early hour the body was removed to the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, and placed before the altar. At eleven o'clock an impressive Service, with full military band and choir, was held, after which the coffin was conveyed on a gun-carriage, covered with the Union Jack, and escorted by a detachment of Hussars, and followed by many friends and relatives, to the cemetery where the interment took place.—Our portrait is from a photograph by S. B. Barnard, 37, Adderley Street, Capetown, South Africa.

CAPTAIN PLUNKETT

THE HON. THOMAS OLIVER WESTENRA PLUNKETT, son of the twelfth Baron Louth, and uncle and heir of the present peer, was born in 1838. He entered the Army, served with distinction in the Russian and China Wars, and became Captain in the Royal Scots. It was as a magistrate in Ireland, however, that his name was best known to the world. Appointed a Resident Magistrate for Cork, Kerry, and Clare by Mr. Forster, he soon showed of what stuff he was made, and did excellent work in reorganising the Constabulary and putting down Moonlighting. It was at the beginning of the year 1887 that the disturbances at Youghal took place which caused the despatch of that famous telegram, "Don't hesitate to shoot," always attributed to Captain Plunkett, and characteristic of his thorough method of dealing with disturbance. Much bloodshed would have been saved in Ireland, it can hardly be doubted, if some other men in authority had been gifted with the same firmness. Nevertheless, it is scarcely necessary to say that his resolute conduct did not endear him to the Nationalists, and on several occasions, as, for example, at the Herbertstown evictions in 1887, he narrowly escaped with his life. It was to an attack made upon him twelve months ago at Youghal, when a cowardly Leaguer dealt him a tremendous blow on the head with a blackthorn, that his death was attributable. A tumour formed on his brain, and on the 6th inst., after a long and painful illness, he died. Captain Plunkett was twice married, first in 1862, to Clara, only child of John Kirkby, Esq., of Fern Bank, Sheffield, by whom he leaves a son; and, secondly, in 1874, to Caroline, only daughter of Colonel Henry Musters.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Robinson, 172, Regent Street, W.

BANQUET TO MR. BALFOUR

AND

"BAULKED!"

See page 713

QUEEN'S PRIZE CATTLE AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW

IT was satisfactory to note that although there was a drop in the number of animals sent to the Birmingham Fat Stock Show, yet with these smaller numbers there was a much higher average quality in nearly every section. Her Majesty the Queen took a high position in the prize list; and this for the second year in succession. Last year, seven animals were sent to the Show from the Royal farms at Windsor, and of these four got first prizes, two second prizes, while another was highly commended. This year, eight animals prepared by Mr. Tait came before the judges, and with these Her Majesty won the championship of the whole Show, the two-breed championships for Shorthorns and Herefords, four first prizes, three second prizes, two high commendations, and a reserve. The Prince of Wales was also a successful exhibitor; four out of his five entries being noticed by the judges. Some of the Queen's winners were afterwards transferred to the Smithfield Show, an account of which will be found in our "Rural" column on page 731.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 717.

MISS PRISSIE PINK "COMES OUT"

"THE other day," says Mr. C. W. Cole, R.N., to whom we are indebted for our sketches, "I went to see a young girl under inspection before her first campaign. The subject possibly may be trite and hackneyed, yet it is one that never loses its charm. Papa has not realised that his little girl has grown so much, and, as she swims into the room, he rises, and bows over his newspaper. She laughs, and then the truth bursts on him, and he glows with pride. Mamma's feelings are of a more mixed character, for, despite her admiration for her comely offspring, she feels a pang lest Prissie should make her appear as a dowager before she has reached the age of forty. The fact is, that Prissie's society *début* seems to have made her grow with alarming rapidity both in age, stature, and dignity. She herself has begun to realise that she is somewhat of a beauty, and others discover the fact still more clearly. That young man at the Hunt Ball, who only a short time back used to treat her to 'chocolates,' is now importunate for waltzes; and when she goes to a garrison dance, Jack and Tommy, unbending from their ordinary attitude, tender her United Service."

SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS

See page 722

A PAPER CHASE IN INDIA

See page 723

ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK

THIS is one of the oldest churches in London, and is situated in Wellington Street, Borough, opposite the London Bridge railway-station. It was built in the thirteenth century by Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, and belonged originally to the old Augustinian Priory of St. Mary Overy, but was converted into a parish church by Henry VIII. in 1540. Of this original building, which was cruciform in shape, and constructed in the Early English style, nothing now remains but the interesting choir, transept, and Lady Chapel. In this latter the trials of reputed heretics, under Queen Mary, took place in 1555. It is flanked with aisles, and was restored in 1820 and 1832, with only partial success. The nave was taken down in 1840, and replaced by an incongruous new structure, which is characterised by Mr. Walter Besant as "a thing of ugliness and meanness." Above the cross is a low quadrangular tower, flanked by corner-towers. The altar-screen in the choir was erected by Fox, Bishop of Winchester, in the early years of the sixteenth century. The two most interesting monuments are those of the poet, John Gower, and Bishop Andrews of Winchester. Several theatrical celebrities are buried here, namely, Massinger and Fletcher, the dramatists; Edmund Shakespeare, an actor (brother to William), and Lawrence Fletcher, some time lessee of the Globe Theatre.

A scheme is on foot for thoroughly restoring and enlarging St. Saviour's Church, and making it fit to be the Mother Church, or Cathedral, of Surrey-side London. A meeting of Southwark inhabitants has lately been held, when it was unanimously resolved that the church should be immediately and completely restored. The Bishop of Rochester, who has issued a powerful appeal in aid of this project, states that the cost of an effective restoration will be from 35,000*l*. to 40,000*l*., of which the sum of 16,500*l*. has already been promised. Contributions in aid of the Restoration Fund may be sent to the Bishop of Rochester, 101, Eaton Square, S.W.

VIEWS IN TANGIER, MOROCCO

WATER not yet being "laid on" in Tangier, as in the more civilised countries of Europe, the itinerant water-seller is a conspicuous figure; and in the crowded market-place, especially during the heat of summer, his cries are frequent and vociferous, the demand for his wares being correspondingly active.

Many of the streets in Tangier are very steep; and all, with the exception of the main street, which runs up to the Soko, or market-place, are mere winding lanes, in whose mazes it is difficult for a stranger to find his way.

Old Tangier (the Tingis of the Romans) was situated about three miles from the town, on the shore of the bay. Here there are some ruins, supposed to be Roman, and near them the sands are crossed by a small river, once spanned by a fine bridge. Of this bridge one arch, unquestionably of Roman make, is all that now remains. This bridge, it is supposed, connected the old city with the naval fort close at hand. The entrance for the galleys, built of stone, still exists.

The Tangier Jews (who number some 5,000) have no objection to the presence of strangers at their weddings, and thus a good opportunity is afforded of seeing the ladies in all their glory, though many of them need nothing to enhance their great beauty. Much money is spent over these weddings, and the dresses of the bride and her attendant ladies are often very gorgeous.

Our engravings are from photographs by J. Valentine and Son, 152 and 154, Perth Road, Dundee.

LOTTERY ON THE SHIP'S RUN

THIS engraving, which is from a sketch by Major-General Robley made on board a Cape steamer, represents a familiar scene on one of these floating hotels. Passengers have rarely much to do, and therefore they take an enormous interest in the run made each day by the vessel, and manifest the said interest practically in the form of a series of sporting lotteries. The distance of each day's run is published at mid-day, so previous to this, at about 10 A.M., tickets with numbers of miles are drawn, and then put up to auction. Of course the favourite figures are those judged to be nearest the number of miles to be logged in the twenty-four hours; the betting runs on the numbers over 300 miles, the different ones having varied from 307 to 336.

The engraving shows a gentleman, with a fair, nestling little daughter, putting up the tickets to auction, surrounded by a crowd of nautical gamblers; for nearly all join in this daily flutter. Even the pretty girl with the half-finished book looks on at the bidding. In contrast, next to her, watching her charge, the fair little girl, is an African nurse, with a close crop of hair resembling peppercorns. She is wondering at the amusements of civilisation, for she was carried into slavery from the Lake regions discovered by Livingstone, and rescued by our cruisers. She has since been a faithful servant for many years. Next we have the secretary depicted at the impromptu desk (*i.e.*, the ship's safe), where lie cool fruits and salad from Madeira, which island has also furnished most of the passengers with easy cane chairs.

SCENES ON THE CONGO, AFRICA

THE curse directed against Ham, shortly after the sole surviving human family emerged from the Ark, "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren," has been literally fulfilled for many centuries. Japheth and Shem have both held poor Ham in cruel bondage, although of recent years Japheth's conscience has begun to prick him, and he has, at all events in his national capacity (for individuals still do queer things), both prohibited the slave-trade and manumitted his own bond-servants. Shem is not so easily moved. Less cruel, perhaps, because less energetic, as a task-master than Japheth, he is exceedingly conservative. Slavery is with him a time-honoured institution, and he does not see why he should abandon it at the bidding of some Frank infidels, who only a few generations ago carried on the same black business in a far more revolting fashion. Meanwhile, however, Ham is his own worst enemy. There is no solidarity about him. Tribe wars against tribe, and clan against clan, so that a handful of white invaders (the climate being their only formidable foe) can traverse his Dark Continent with impunity. And even if the Arab demand was extinguished, the negroes would doubtless continue to enslave each other, as Mr. H. H. Johnston has shown in his powerful book "The History of a Slave." These sketches of Mr. Frapp's prove that the evil practice is rampant on the banks of that mighty stream, the Congo. If the Anti-Slavery Conference at Brussels is really in earnest, and is not being made an instrument for commercial or territorial greed, it may accomplish much good; though less, as we have often contended in these columns, by methods of repression than by substituting for slavery a system of voluntary migration to those places where the services of negroes are in demand.

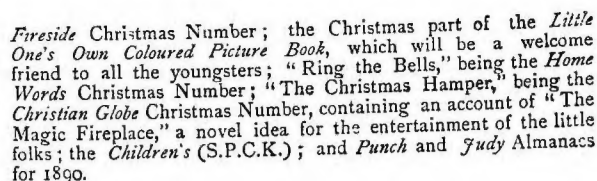
N.B.—Our engraving of H.M.S. *Watchful* on page 730 is from a photograph by W. Clarke, Lowestoft.

THE 60TH RIFLES

See page 722

RAILWAY REFORM certainly proceeds apace in Hungary. Now that the new zone system is in working order, fresh arrangements are made for the sale of tickets on easy terms. Since December 1st, railway tickets can be bought at all post and telegraph offices in the chief hotels, and at special stations in the towns, and can be used at any date, months or years hence. Switzerland will also initiate great railway changes, for the Federal Council intend to buy up all the Swiss lines and work them as State property. The *employés* would benefit considerably by the transfer, as it is proposed to reduce their working day to thirteen hours, with thirty-six free days yearly, including seventeen Sundays, while no goods traffic would be allowed on Sundays.

APPEALS.—The Hon. Sec. of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, which does excellent work in visiting and looking after children who are ill or convalescent, asks for visitors able and willing to go to the poorer parts of London, and for funds to meet the expenses constantly incurred for the children.—The Rev. J. Pulein Thompson, St. Stephen's Vicarage, North Bow, E., Hon. Sec. of the Christian Blind Relief Society, is anxious to provide a Christmas gift of 5*l*. for 1,000 of the blind poor of London and the provinces, and promises that any money sent him shall only be bestowed on those whose incomes do not reach 1*s.* a day. Many of the blind, he says, have not 2*d.* a day of the permanent income.—Money, food, or clothing is asked for by the Rev. J. W. Atkinson, Claremont, Cawley Road, E., in aid of his work among the East End poor. Among the methods in which relief is given are distribution of shilling food parcels, small sacks of coal and coke, bread tickets, redemption of honest workmen's tools from pawn, payment of club subscriptions, and providing soup meals for children. Every pound sent means 200 free meals, forty sacks of coal, or 100 bread tickets.—The Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, W.C., which has been established forty-six years, and during that time has relieved more than two hundred thousand patients, is urgently in want of funds. Last year the expenditure exceeded the income by nearly 500*l.*, and as a consequence the Committee have been compelled to close half the wards. Subscriptions may be sent to the Treasurer.



THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL is beginning to discover that it has been going too far and too fast. When property is compulsorily acquired for public purposes, it has been the practice hitherto

III.

THE TRIUMPHAL RETURN of Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha has been marred by Emin meeting with a dangerous accident. The travellers had only just enjoyed an enthusiastic welcome at Bagamoyo—where the town was decorated with palm-leaves, and Major Wissmann provided a sumptuous banquet for the Europeans—when Emin missed his footing on a balcony, and fell twenty feet, sustaining terrible injuries. He has been accustomed lately to houses of one storey, while his semi-blindness prevented him from judging distance accurately. He was taken to the German Hospital, and at first all the doctors considered his case hopeless, Surgeon Parke excepted, who has been with the Expedition throughout. Emin sustained internal injuries, besides serious bruises, his right eye was closed, and blood issued from his ears, yet he is gradually getting better, although he cannot be moved for some time. Great regret has been expressed that Emin should meet with such a disaster when virtually in sight of home, although he had passed unscathed through so many perils. A report is even current in Vienna that he attempted suicide, through regret that he had yielded to Mr. Stanley's persuasion to quit his post. Mr. Stanley went on next day to Zanzibar, where he has received congratulatory telegrams from many countries, including a most affectionate message from Emperor William. In replying to the German Sovereign as "Imperator Rex," he has annoyed the French very deeply, much jealousy being expressed in Paris that he should have returned under German protection. Mr. Stanley is in excellent spirits, and, after attending Service on board H.M.S. *Turquoise* on Sunday, he made a brief speech to the crew in return for their hearty greeting, declaring that he never felt better, nor more full of energy. He did not consider his work finished—the greater part lay before him, as his future was wrapped up with Africa. Colonel Euan Smith has arrived at Zanzibar, after causing much anxiety by his non-appearance for several days, his vessel having run ashore. Mr. Mackenzie, who was also on board, stopped at Mombassa for a short time, and was heartily greeted by the natives. When Emin Pasha is well enough to start, he will travel with his 283 followers in a steamer chartered by the Egyptian Government. He brings no ivory.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN'S PRIZE CATTLE BROUGHT FROM THE BIRMINGHAM FAT STOCK SHOW



INCIDENTS OF THE SHOW
THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

When she stooped to gather some hyacinths and anemones, he merely waited for her.

“THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS”

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF “A PRINCESS OF THULE,” “MACLEOD OF DARE,” &C.

CHAPTER XXII.

PRIUS DEMENTAT

WHEN Maurice Mangan left the train at Winstead, and climbed out of the deep chalk cutting in which the station is buried, and emerged upon the open downs, he found himself in a very different world from that he had left. Far away behind him lay the great city (even now the dusky dome of St. Paul's was visible across the level swatches of land-scape) with its miry ways, and teeming population, and continuous thunder of traffic; while here were the windy skies of a wild March morning, and swaying trees, and cawing rooks, and air that was sweet in the nostrils and soft to the throat. As he light-heartedly strode away across the undulations of blossom-ing gorse, fragments of song from his favourite poets chased each other through his brain; and somehow they were all connected with the glad opening out of the year. . . . *“And then my heart with pleasure fills, and dances with the daffodils”* . . . *“Along the grass sweet airs are blown, our way this day in spring”* . . . *“And in the gloamin' o' the wood, the thrush whistled sweet”* . . . Mangan could no more sing than a crow; but he felt as if he were singing; there was a kind of music in the long stride, the quick pulse, the deep inhalations of the delicious air. For all was going to be well now; he was about to consult Francie as to Lionel's sad estate. He did not stay to ask himself whether it was likely that a quiet and gentle girl living in this secluded neighbourhood could be of much help in such a matter; it was enough that he was going to talk it all over with Miss Francie; things would be clearer then.

Now as you go up from Winstead Station to Winstead Village

there is a strip of coppice that runs parallel with one part of the highway; and through this prolonged dingle a pathway meanders, which he who is not in a hurry may prefer to the road. Of course Mangan chose this pleasanter way, though he had to moderate his pace now because of the briars; and right glad was he to notice the various symptoms of the new-born life of the world—the pale anemones stirred by the warm, moist breeze, the delicate blossoms of the little wood-sorrel, the budded raceme of the wild hyacinth; while loud and clear a blackbird sang from a neighbouring bough. He did not expect to meet any one; he certainly did not expect to meet Miss Francie Wright, who would doubtless be away at her cottages. But all of a sudden he was startled by the apparition of a rabbit that came running towards him, and then, seeing him, bolted off at right angles; and as this caused him to look up from his botanising, here, unmistakably, was Miss Francie, coming along through the glade. Her pale complexion showed a little colour as she drew near; but there was not much embarrassment in the calm, kind eyes.

“This is indeed a stroke of good fortune,” he said, “for I came down for the very purpose of having a talk with you all by yourself—about Lionel. But I did not imagine I should meet you here.”

“I am going down to the station,” she said. “I expect a parcel by the train you must have come by; and I want it at once.”

“May I come with you and carry it for you?” he said promptly; and of course she could not refuse so civil an offer. The awkward part of the arrangement was that they had to go along through this straggling strip of wood in single file, making a really confidential chat almost an impossibility; whereupon he proposed, and she

agreed, that they should get out into the highway; and thereafter they went on to the station by the ordinary road.

But this task he had undertaken proved to be a great deal more difficult and delicate than he had anticipated. To have a talk with Francie—that seemed simple enough; it was less simple, as he discovered, to have to tell Lionel's cousin that the young man had gone and engaged himself to be married. Indeed, he beat about the bush for a considerable time.

“You see,” he said, “a young fellow at his time of life, especially if he has been petted a good deal, is very apt to be wayward and restless, and likely to get into trouble through the mere impulsiveness, the recklessness of youth—”

“Mr. Mangan,” Miss Francie said, with a smile in the quiet grey eyes, “why do you always talk of Linn as if he were so much younger than you? There is no great difference. You always speak as if you were quite middle-aged.”

“I am worse than middle-aged—I am resigned, and read Marcus Aurelius,” he said. “I suppose I have taken life too easily. Youth is the time for fighting; there is no fight left in me at all; I accept what happens. Oh, by the way, when my book on Comte comes out, I may have to buckle on my armour again; I suppose there will be strife and war and deadly thrusts; unless, indeed, the Positivists may not consider me worth answering. However, that is of no consequence; it's about Linn I have come down; and really, Miss Francie, I fear he is in a bad way, and that he is taking a worse way to get out of it.”

“I am very sorry to hear that,” she said, gravely.

“And then he's such a good fellow!” Mangan continued. “If

he were selfish, or cruel, or grasping, one might think that a few buffets from the world might rather be of service to him; but as it is I don't understand at all how he has got himself into such a position—or been entrapped into it: you see, I don't know Miss Burgoyne very well—

"Miss Burgoyne?" she repeated, doubtfully.

"Miss Burgoyne of the New Theatre."

Then Mangan watched his companion timidly and furtively—which was a strange thing for him, for ordinarily his deep-set grey eyes were singularly intense and sincere.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you at once," he said, slowly, "that—that—the fact is, Lionel is engaged to be married to Miss Burgoyne."

"Lionel—engaged to be married?" she said, quickly, and she looked up. He met her eyes and read them: surely there was nothing there other than a certain pleased curiosity; she had forgotten that this engagement might be the cause of her cousin's trouble; she only seemed to think it odd that Linn was about to be married.

"Yes; and now I am afraid he regrets his rashness, and is in terrible trouble over it—or perhaps that is only one of several things. Well, I had made other forecasts for him," Mangan went on to say, with a little hesitation. "I could have imagined another future for him. Indeed, at one time, I thought that if ever he looked out for a wife, it would be—a little nearer home—"

Her eyes were swiftly downcast; but the next instant she had bravely raised them, and was regarding him.

"Do you mean me, Mr. Mangan?" she asked.

He did not answer; he left her to understand. Miss Francie shook her head, and there was a slight smile on her lips.

"No, no," she said, "that was never possible at any time. Where was your clear sight, Mr. Mangan? Of course I am very fond of Linn; I have been so all my life; and there's nothing I wouldn't do to save him trouble or pain. But even a stupid country girl may form her ideal—and in my case Lionel never came anywhere near to that. I know he is good, and generous, and manly—he is quite wonderful considering what he has come through; but on the other hand—well—oh, well, I'm not going to say anything against Linn—I will not."

"I am sure you will not," said Mangan, quietly; and here they reached the station.

The parcel had not arrived; there was nothing for it but to retrace their steps; and on their way across the common they returned to Lionel and his wretched plight.

"Surely," said Miss Francie, with a touch of indignation in her voice, "surely, if Miss Burgoyne learns that he is fretting over this engagement, she will release him at once. No woman could be so shameless as to keep him to an unwilling bargain—"

"I am not so sure about that," Mangan made answer. "She may think she has affection for two, and that all will be well. It is a good match for her. His position in his profession, and in society, will be advantageous to her. Then she may be vain of her conquest—so many different motives may come in. But the chief point is that Linn doesn't want to be released from this engagement; he declares he will abide by it—if only she doesn't expect him to be very affectionate. It is an extraordinary imbroglia altogether; I am beginning to believe that all the time he has been in love with that Italian girl whom he knew in Naples, and who was in the New Theatre for a while; and that now he has made the discovery, when it is too late, he doesn't care what happens to him. She has gone away; he has no idea where she is; here he is engaged to Miss Burgoyne, and quite willing to marry her; and in the mean time he plays cards heavily to escape from thinking. In fact, he is not taking the least care of himself; and you would be surprised at the change in his appearance, already. It isn't like Linn Moore to talk of going to bed when he ought to be setting out for a dinner-party; and the worst of it is he won't pay any heed to what you say to him. But something must be done: Linn is too good a fellow to be allowed to go to the mischief without some kind of protest or interference."

"If you like," said Miss Francie, slowly, "I will go to Miss Burgoyne. She is a woman; she could not but listen. She cannot want to bring misery on them both."

"No," said he, with a little show of authority. "Whatever we may try—not that. I have heard that Miss Burgoyne has a bit of a temper—"

"I am not afraid," said his companion, simply.

"No, no. If that were the only way, I should propose to go to Miss Burgoyne myself," he said. "But, you see, the awkward thing is that neither you nor I have any right to appeal to her, so long as Linn is willing to fulfil the engagement. We don't know her; we could not remonstrate as a friend of her own might. If we were to interfere on his behalf, she would immediately turn to him; and he is determined not to back out."

"Then what is to be done, Mr. Mangan!" she exclaimed, in despair.

"I—I don't quite see at present," he answered her. "I thought I would talk it over with you, Miss Francie. I thought there might be something in that; that the way might seem clearer. But I see no way at all; unless you were to go to him himself. He would listen to you. Or he might even listen to me, if I represented to him that you were distressed at the condition of affairs. At present he doesn't appear to care what happens to him."

They had crossed the common; they had come to the foot of the wood; and they did not go on to the highway, for Miss Francie suggested that the sylvan path was the more interesting. And so they passed in among the trees, making their way through the straggling undergrowth; while the soft March wind blew moist and sweet all around them, and the blackbirds and thrushes filled the world with their silver melody, and in the more distant woods the ringdoves crooned. Maurice Mangan followed her—in silence. Perhaps he was thinking of Lionel; perhaps he was thinking of the confession she had made in crossing the common; at all events he did not address her; and when she stooped to gather some hyacinths and anemones, he merely waited for her. But as they drew near to the further end of the copse, the path became clearer, and now he walked by her side.

"Miss Francie," he said (and it was his eyes that were cast down now), "you were speaking of the ideals that girls in the country may form for themselves—and girls everywhere, I dare say: but don't you think it rather hard?"

"What is?"

"Why, that you should raise up an impossible standard, and that poor common human beings, with all their imperfections and disqualifications, are sent to the right about?"

"Oh, no," Miss Francie said cheerfully. "You don't understand at all. A girl does not form her ideal out of her own head. She is not clever enough to do that; or rather, she is not stupid enough to try to do that. She takes her ideal from some one she knows—from the finest type of character she has met; so that it is not an impossible standard, for one person, at least, has attained to it."

"And for the sake of that one, she discards all those unfortunates who, by their age, or appearance, or lack of position, or lack of distinction, cannot hope to come near," he said, rather absently. "Isn't that hard? It makes all sorts of things so hopeless, so impossible. You put your one chosen friend on this pedestal; and then all the others, who might wish to win your regard, they know what the result of comparison would be, and they go away home, and hide their heads."

"I don't see, Mr. Mangan," she said, in a somewhat low voice,

and yet a little proudly too, "why you should fear comparison with any one—no, not with any one; or imagine that anything could—could displace you in the regard of your friends."

He hesitated again—anxious, eager, and yet afraid. At last he said, rather sadly—

"I wish I knew something of your ideals, and how far away beyond human possibility they are."

"Oh, I can tell you," she said, plucking up heart of grace, for here was an easy way out of an embarrassing position. "My ideal woman is Sister Alexandra, of the East London Hospital. She was down here last Sunday—sweeter, more angelic than ever. That is the noblest type of woman I know. And I was so glad she enjoyed her rare holiday; and when she went away in the evening we had her just loaded with flowers for her ward."

"And the ideal man?"

"Oh," said Miss Francie, hurriedly, "I hardly know about that. Of course, when I—when I spoke of Linn a little while ago, I did not wish to say anything against him—certainly not—no one admires his better qualities more than I do—but—but there may be other qualities—"

They were come to the wooden gate opening on to the highway; he paused ere he lifted the latch.

"Francie," said he, "do you think that some day you might be induced to put aside all your high standards and ideals, and—and—in short, accept a battered old journalist, without money, position, distinction, without any graces, except this, that gratitude might add something to his affection for you?"

Tears sprang into her eyes, and yet there was a smile there, too: she was not wholly frightened—perhaps she had known all along.

"Ah, and you don't understand yet, Maurice!" she said, and she frankly gave him her hand, and her eyes were kind even through her tears. "You don't understand what I have been saying to you, that a girl's ideal is one particular person—her ideal is the man or woman whom she admires and loves the most. Can you not guess?"

"Francie, you will be my wife?" he said to her, drawing her closer to him, his hands clasped round her head.

She did not answer. She was silent for a second or two. And then she said with averted eyes—

"You spoke of gratitude, Maurice. I know who has the most reason to be grateful—and who will try the hardest to show it."

So that betrothal was completed; and when they passed out from the copse into the whiter air, behold! the wild March skies had parted somewhat, and there was a shimmer of silver sunlight along the broad highway between the hedges. It was an auspicious omen—or at least their full hearts may have thought so; and then again there was a wedding chorus all around them from the birds—from the bright-eyed robin perched on the crimson bramble-spray, from the speckled thrush on the swaying elm, from the lark far hovering over a field of young corn. But in their own happiness they had thought of others: Francie soon came back to Lionel again and his grievous misfortunes; and she was listening with meekness to this tall, clear-eyed man who could now claim a certain gentle authority over her. They were a long time before they got to the Doctor's house.

That same evening Miss Kate Burgoyne invited Lionel to come to her room for a cup of tea when he had dressed for the last act; and accordingly, when he was ready, he strolled along the corridor, rapped with his knuckles, and entered. It turned out that the prima donna had other visitors: a young lady whom he had never seen before, and Mr. Percival Miles. The young gentleman in faultless evening dress seemed a little surprised at the easy manner in which Lionel had lounged into the place; and perhaps Lionel was also a little surprised—for this was Mr. Miles's first appearance in the room; but both men merely nodded to each other, in a formal acquaintance style, as they were in the habit of doing at the Garden Club. At the same moment Miss Burgoyne opened a portion of the curtain, so that she could address her guests.

"Mr. Moore, let me introduce you to my friend, Miss Ingram. Mr. Miles I think you know."

And Lionel was glad enough to turn to the young lady and enter into conversation with her, for the pale young man with the slight yellow moustache was definitely silent, and had even something fierce about his demeanour. It was no business of Lionel's to provoke a quarrel with this truculent fire-eater, especially in Miss Burgoyne's room. To quarrel about Kate Burgoyne?—the irony of events could go no further than that.

And of course, as the most immediate topic, they spoke of the gale that had been blowing across London all the afternoon and evening; for the southerly winds that had prevailed in the morning had freshened up and increased in violence until a veritable hurricane was now raging, threatening roofs, chimneys, and lamp-posts, to say nothing of the whirled and driven and bewildered foot-passengers.

"I hear there has been a bad accident in Oxford Street," Lionel said to the young lady. "Some scaffolding has fallen—a lot of people hurt. I'm afraid there will be a sad tale to tell from the sea: even now, while we are secure in this big building, thinking only of amusement, I suppose there is many a ship labouring in the gale, or going headlong on to the rocks. Have you far to get home?" he asked.

"Oh, I am going home with Miss Burgoyne," the young lady answered.

But here Miss Burgoyne herself appeared, coming forth in the full splendour of *Grace Mainwaring's* bridal attire and with all her radiant witcheries of make-up; and the poor lad sitting there, who had never before been so near this vision of delight, seemed quite enhanced by its (strictly speaking) superhuman loveliness. He could not take his eyes away from her. He did not think of joining in the conversation. He watched her at the mirror; he watched her making tea; he watched her munching a tiny piece of bread and butter (which was imprudent on her part, after the care she had bestowed on her lips) and always he was silent and spell-bound. Miss Burgoyne, on the other hand, was talkative enough.

"Isn't it a awful night!" she exclaimed. "I thought the cab I came down in would be blown over. And they say it's getting worse and worse. I hear there has been a dreadful accident: some of the men were telling Jane about it: have you heard, Mr. Moore?—something about a scaffold. I suppose this theatre is safe enough; I don't feel any shaking. But I know I shall be so nervous going home to-night—I dread it already—"

"Miss Ingram says she is going home with you," Lionel pointed out, carelessly.

"But that is worse!" the prima donna cried. "Two women are worse than one—they make each other nervous; no, what you want is a man's bluntness of perception—his indifference—and the sense of security you get from his being there. Two frightened women: how are they going to keep each other's courage up?"

It was clearly an invitation: almost a challenge. Lionel only said—

"Why, what have you to fear! The blowing over of a cab is about the last thing likely to happen. If you were walking along the pavement, you might be struck by a falling slate; but you are out in the middle of the road. If you go home in a four-wheeled cab, you will be as safe as you are at this minute in this room."

She turned away from him; at the same moment the pale young gentleman said rather breathlessly—

"Miss Burgoyne, if you would permit me to accompany you and Miss Ingram home, I should esteem it a great honour—and—and pleasure."

She whipped round in an instant.

"Oh, thank you, Percy—Mr. Miles, I mean," she added, in pretty confusion. "That will be so kind of you. We shall be delighted, I'm sure—very kind of you indeed."

No more was said at the moment; for Miss Burgoyne had been called; and Lionel, as he wended his way to the wings, could only ask himself—

"What is she up to now? She calls me Mr. Moore before her friends, and him Percy; and she contrives to put him into the position of rescuing two distressed damsels. Well, what does it matter? I suppose women are like that."

But Mr. Percival Miles's accompanying those two young ladies through the storm did matter to him, in another way, and seriously. When, the performance being over, he got into evening dress, and drove along in a hansom to the Garden Club, he found there two or three of the young gentlemen who were in the habit of hanging about the supper-room, glancing at illustrated papers, or chewing toothpicks, until the time for poker had arrived.

"Johnny," he said to one of them, "somehow I feel awfully down in the mouth to-night."

"That's unusual with you, then," was the cheerful reply. "For you are the luckiest loser I ever saw. But I must say your luck of late has been just something frightful."

"Well, I'm down altogether—in luck, in finances, and spirits; and I'm going to pull myself up a peg. Come and keep me company. I'm going to order a magnum of Perrier Jouet of 74; and I only want a glass or two; you must help me out, or some of those other fellows."

"That's a pretty piece of extravagance!" the other exclaimed. "A magnum—to get a couple of glasses out of it is like an utter taking a single bite from a salmon's shoulder. Never mind, old chap: I'm in. I hate champagne at this time of night; but I don't want you to kill yourself."

As they sat at supper, with this big bottle before them, Lionel said—

"It will be a bad thing for me if young Miles doesn't show up to-night."

"I should have thought it would have been an excellent thing for you if Miles had never entered this club," his companion observed.

"That's true," said Lionel, rather gloomily. "But my only chance now is to get some of my property back; and I can only get it back from him. You fellows are no use to me—not if I were winning all along the line."

"Look here, Moore," said the young man, in a more serious tone, "you may say it's none of my business; but the way you and that fellow Miles have been going on is perfectly awful. If the Committee should hear about it, there will be a row, and no mistake!"

"My dear boy," Lionel protested, as he pushed the unnecessary bottle to his neighbour, "the Committee have nothing to do with understandings that are settled outside the club. You don't see Miles or me handing cheques for £200 or £300 across the table. How can the Committee expel you for holding up three fingers or nodding your head?"

"Well, then, you'll excuse me saying it, but he's a young ass, to gamble in that fashion," Johnny remarked, bluntly. "What fun does he get out of it? And it's quite a new thing with him—that's the odd business. I know a man who was at Merton with him; and certainly Miles got into a devil of a scrape—which cut short his career there; but it had nothing to do with gambling. He never was that way inclined at all; it's a new development, since he joined this club. Well, I suppose he can do what he likes. The heir to a baronetcy and such a place as Petmansworth can get just as much as he wants from the Jews."

"My good man, he doesn't need to go to the Jews," said Lionel, with grim irony.

"Where does he get all that money from? Do you think his father is fool enough to encourage him in such extravagance? I should hope not! At the same time I wish I had a father tattered with something of that same brush."

"Where does he get all the money from? So far he has got it from me," Lionel said, with a bit of a shrug. "He doesn't need to go to his father, or to the Jews either, when he can plunder me. And such a run of luck as he has had is simply astounding—"

"It isn't luck at all," the other interrupted. "It's your play. You play too bold a game—too bold when you know he is going to play a bolder. Twice running he caught you last night bluffing on no hand at all; and I don't know what fabulous stakes were up—with your nods and signs. It's no use your trying to bluff that fellow. He won't be bluffed."

"The thing is as broad as it's long, man," Lionel said, impatiently. "If he is determined to see me every time, he must be caught when I have a good hand—it stands to reason. The only thing is that my luck has been so confoundingly bad of late—"

"Yes; and when the luck's against you, you go betting on no hands at all—with Miles waiting for you!" his companion exclaimed. "All right: every man must play the game his own way. You don't seem to have found it profitable so far."

"Profitable!" Lionel said, with a dark look in his eyes. "I can tell you I am in a tight corner, and I reckoned on to-night to settle it one way or the other—not with you fellows; I can't get anything worth while out of you; but with Miles. And now he's gone away home with—"

He stopped in time: ladies' names are not mentioned in clubs—at least, not in such clubs as the Garden.

"The odd thing is," continued Johnny, as he lit a cigarette, and definitely refused to have any more of the wine, "the extremely odd thing is that he doesn't seem to care to win from the rest of us. He lets us share our modest little pots as if they weren't worth looking at. It's you he goes for, invariably."

"And he's gone for me to some purpose," Lionel said, morosely. "I'm just about broke—broke five or six times over, if it comes to that—and by that pennyworth of yellow ribbon!"

"You needn't call him names," said Johnny, as he lay back in his chair. "Upon my soul I think Miles is somebody in disguise—the—a priest—an Inquisitor—somebody with a mission—to punish the sin of gambling. What does he care about the game? Nothing—I'll swear it! He's only watching for you. He's an avenger. He has been sent by some superior power—"

"Then it must have been by the devil," said Lionel, with a sombre expression, "for he has got the devil's own luck at his back. Wait till I get four of a kind when he is betting on a full house and then you'll see his corpse laid out!" This was all he said and then just then; for here was the young man himself, who must have come back from the Edgware Road in a remarkably swift hansom.

Almost directly there was an adjournment to the card-room; and the players took their places.

"I propose we have in the Joker," * Lionel called aloud, as the cards were dealt for deal.

"I don't see the fun of it," objected the young man who had been Lionel's companion at the supper-table. "You never know where you are when the Joker is in. What do you say, Miles?"

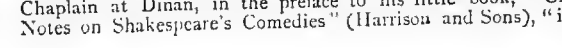
"Oh, have it in by all means," Percival Miles said, with his eyes fixed on the table.

* The Joker is a fifty-third card, of any kind of device, which is added to the pack by the player to whom it is dealt can make it any card he chooses. For example, if the other four cards he holds are two queens and two sevens, he can make the Joker card a third queen, and thus secure for himself a full hand.

Here the dealer retired ; so that these two were left in as before well, not as before, for Lionel had five aces in his hand ! And

Notes on Shakespeare's Comedies" (Harrison and Sons), "is

the experienced hand, and his pages are full of wisdom.



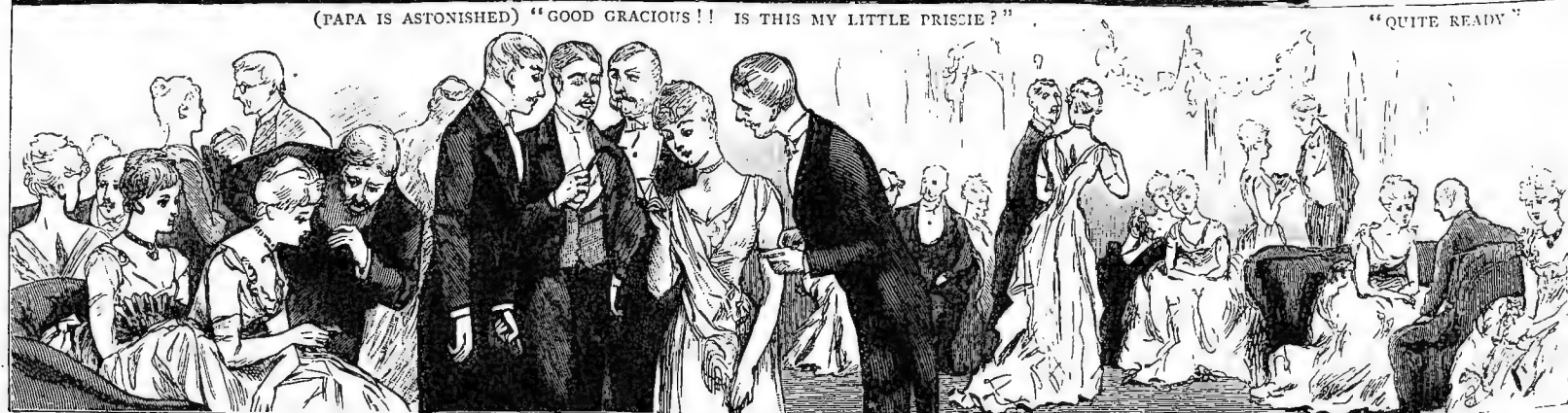


FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE BALL COSTUME



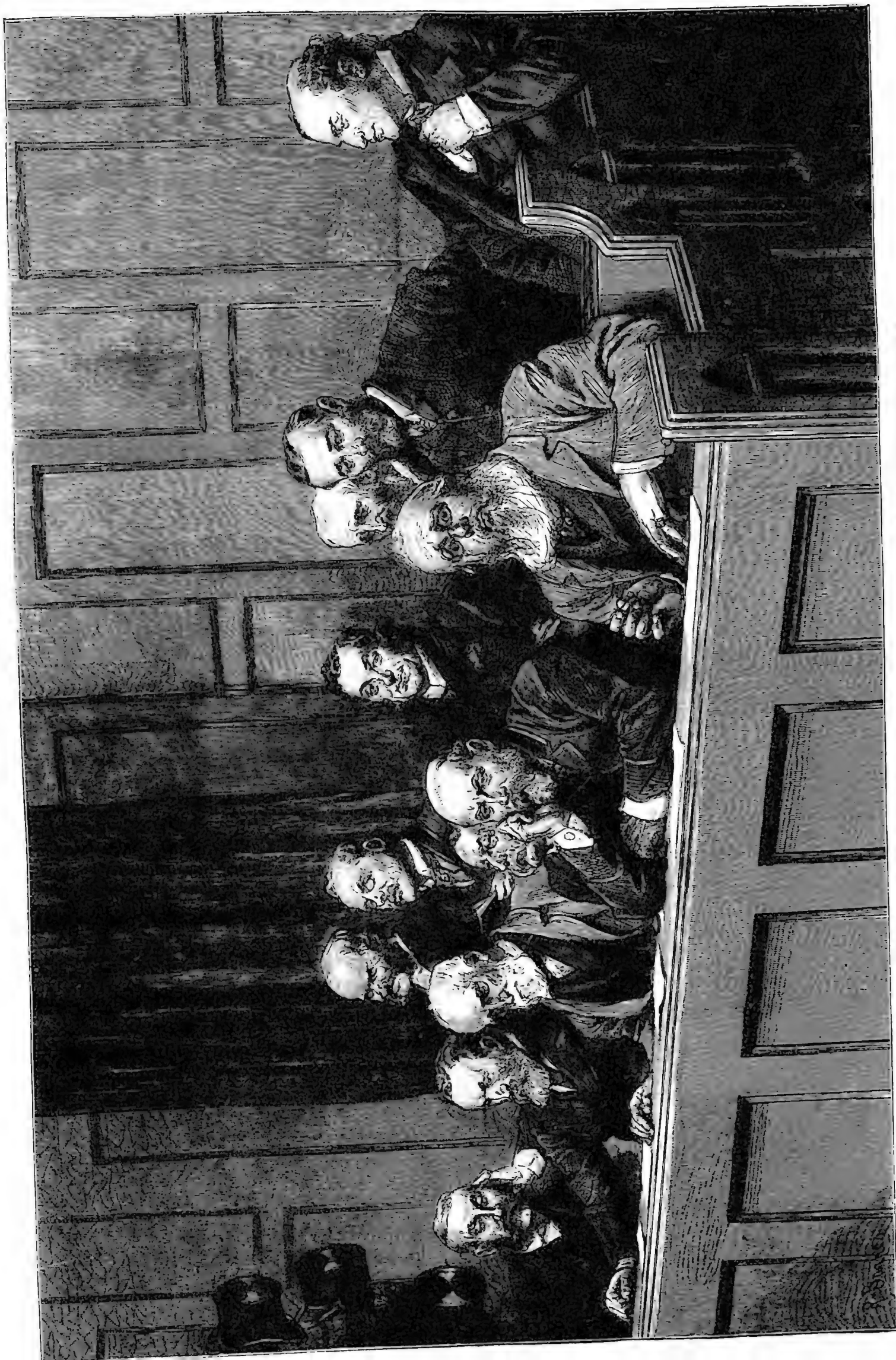
(PAPA IS ASTONISHED) "GOOD GRACIOUS!! IS THIS MY LITTLE PRISIE?"

"QUITE READY"



HER FIRST BALL

MISS PRISSIE PINK "COMES OUT"



SKETCHES IN THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE—A SPECIAL JURY

SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS—III.

TRIAL by jury, as we are constantly being reminded, is the "palladium of British liberty;" but there are not wanting indications that it is slowly, but surely, declining in popular favour. It is coming to be gradually recognised that for many classes of actions it possesses neither the simplicity nor the comparative expedition of trial by judge. In Middlesex the list of actions for trial now almost invariably shows more non-jury actions than jury actions. But popular prejudices die hard, and it will be long before the duties of jurors become much of a sinecure.

A Special Jury—of which our illustration may be taken as a type as well as an example—represents one of the dearest luxuries of litigants. Every plaintiff, who has a right to a jury, can give notice of his intention that the case shall be heard by a Special Jury. This, of course, considerably adds to the expense, each special jurymen being entitled to a guinea a case. It is, however, often most important to have the opinions of "so highly intelligent a body of men" as those from whom these juries are drawn. The qualification for serving is a legal right to be called "Esquire," or to be an inhabitant-occupier rated to the poor-rate or inhabited house-duty at 10s. and upwards in towns exceeding 20,000 population, and not less than 50s. and upwards in smaller towns. This, of course, includes a wide class of professional men and substantial tradesmen, or, in other words, the best possible tribunal for the decision of many of those disputes which are heard at *Nisi Prius*, such as actions for goods sold and delivered, breaches of warranty, and so on. From the forty-eight special jurors who form the panel for each Court, by judiciously "challenging" any who would be likely to be prejudiced, a jury can usually be sworn, which is admirably fitted to discharge its onerous duties. Of course, some allowance must be made for personal idiosyncrasies. Our illustration shows, on the extreme right, two types of jurymen—the over-anxious, who "must get it all down in writing," and the indifferent, who does not listen to a word of the case, and will agree to any verdict, or to none.

There is a story of a jury who put an interpretation of their own upon the oath to "well and truly try." It was in *Hall v. Payser*, an action on a Bill of Exchange for 50s., and the defendant pleaded that the plaintiff accepted the goods in satisfaction. There was no evidence whatever of part satisfaction; it was all or nothing. The jury, however, came back into Court with a verdict for the plaintiff for 25s. The Court came to the conclusion that the jury, being unable to agree, had "split the difference," and they ordered a new trial accordingly. But there is no doubt whatever that a special jury (apart from the inconvenience and delay which are a necessary accompaniment of trial by jury) is almost invariably a perfectly fair tribunal. It would be churlish to withhold a hearty knowledge of the integrity with which special jurors exercise their functions nowadays.

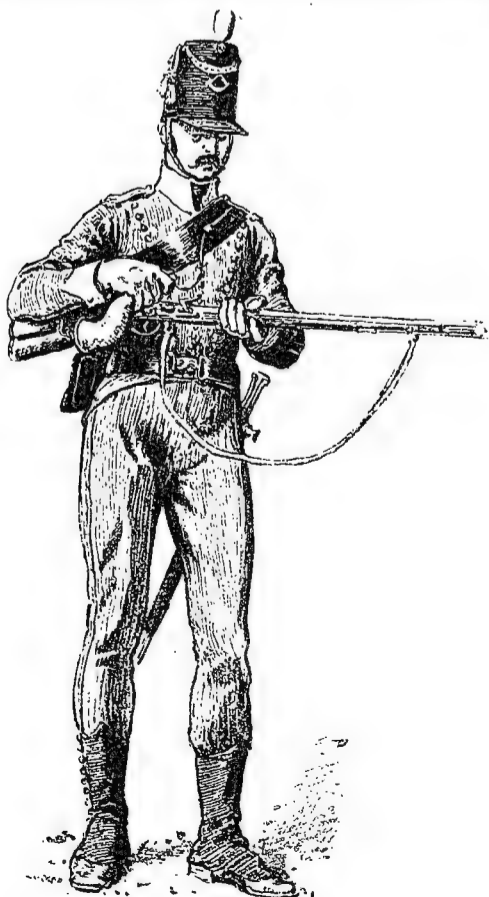
The lot of a jurymen is a hard one. It is true that he can only be called upon to serve once a year, unless all the names in the "Jurors' Book" have been exhausted. But since forty-eight are summoned, there are necessarily always thirty-six special jurors in waiting in every Court which is trying special jury cases. This means a waste of days together on the back benches of the Court—a severe trial of patience for busy men, and one which might surely be diminished without much difficulty.

That relic of barbarism which enjoined that a jury should be kept together "without meat, drink, or fire—candle-light excepted," was not done away with until 1870, when, in deference to a loudly-expressed public opinion, a clause was inserted in the Jurors' Act giving the judge power to allow them "the use of a fire and reasonable refreshment, to be procured at their own expense." The reason for the old rule does not seem, as is generally supposed, to have been the starving of the jury into unanimity, but a fear that they would get drunk—a curious commentary on the manners of the "good old days." This brings us naturally to the remark that the required unanimity of the jury is a real evil. It not only tempts improper compromises, but it leads to endless litigation in the shape of abortive trials. Fifty years ago the Common Law Commissioners reported very strongly against the wisdom and justice of requiring a verdict to be unanimous. Yet matters are still in the same unsatisfactory condition. To jurymen it would be a boon indeed, if the verdict of the majority could be given, even if only when the amount of damages was the sole point in dispute.

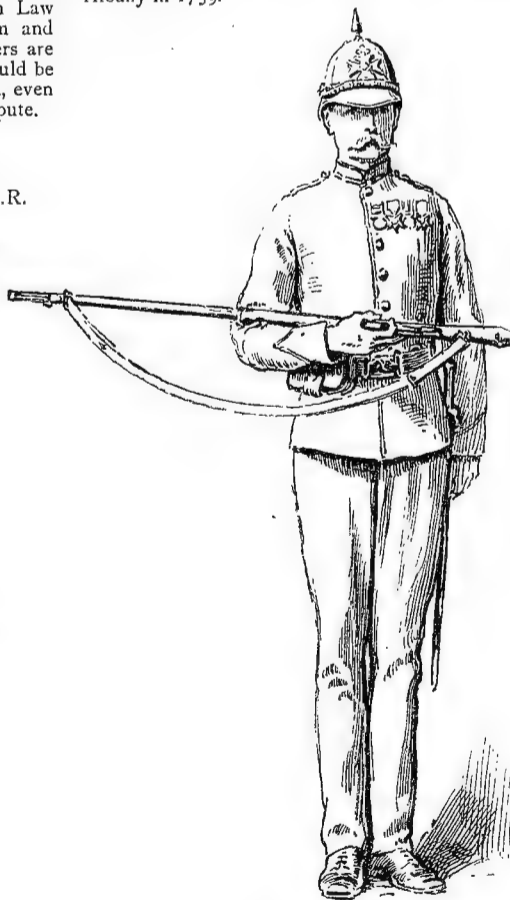
TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY

THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS (LATE 60TH K.R.R. CORPS)

In the autumn of 1755, owing to the threatening attitude of France, and her persistent disregard of the Treaty of Aix-la-



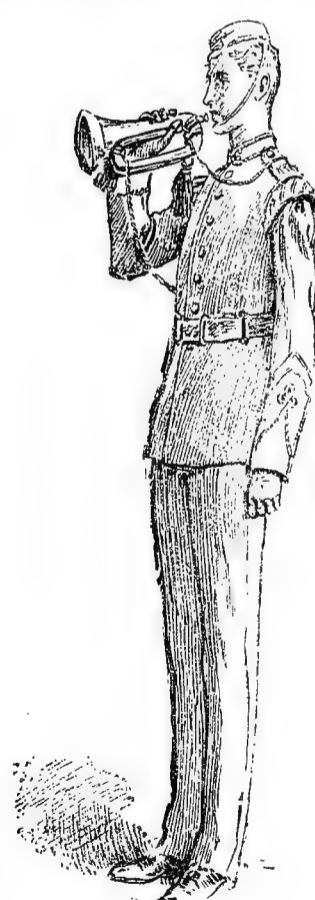
A PRIVATE, 1814



PRIVATE IN REVIEW ORDER



BANDSMAN

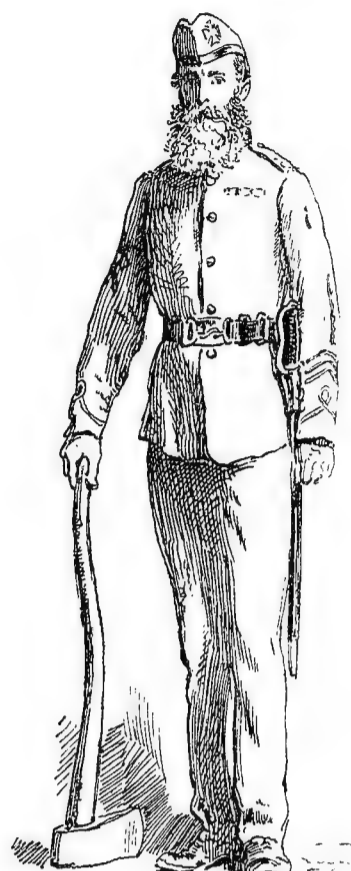


BUGLER

Chapelle, the attention of Parliament was directed to the immediate necessity of strengthening the British forces in North America; and accordingly there was raised at New York and Philadelphia (under an Order dated December 24th, 1755) a regiment, consisting of four battalions, each 1,000 strong, which was intended "to combine the characteristics of a Colonial Corps with those of a Foreign Legion." By virtue of an Act of Parliament (29th George II.), some fifty commissions were given to foreign Protestant gentlemen, who had served abroad as officers or engineers; whilst the men were enlisted, for a term of three years, chiefly from amongst the Swiss



PRIVATE ON "SENTRY GO"



PIONEER, DRILL ORDER

and German Protestants, to whom tracts of waste land had been granted by the British Government. It was understood that neither officers nor men were to be required to serve out of America, and that none of the foreign officers were to rise above the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

This new corps was styled the "62nd, or Royal American Regiment of Foot." John, Earl of Loudoun, commanding H.B. Majesty's forces in British North America, was appointed Colonel-in-Chief; and John Stanwix, Joseph Duffaux, and James Prevost were the Colonels-Commandant. Each battalion of the Royal Americans had a grenadier company, but for some time there was only one light company in the whole regiment, and that was formed at Albany in 1759.

Royal Rifle Corps are the sword, sword-belts and sabretache, and pouch and pouch-belt, worn by the late Duke of York, which, together with His Royal Highness's portrait, were "Presented to the 1st Battalion Duke of York's Own Rifle Corps by order of His Most Gracious Majesty King George IV."

UNIFORM.—The original uniform of the Royal American Regiment was scarlet, faced with blue; lace: silver for the officers; white, with two blue stripes, for the men. In 1797, a 5th Battalion, into which 400 of Hompesch's Mounted Riflemen were drafted, was raised at Cowes, Isle of Wight. This was the first rifle battalion* of the 60th, and the men wore green coats faced with scarlet; white waistcoats; blue pantaloons, and black leather helmets and belts:

On the reduction of Shirley's (50th) and Pepperel's (51st) Regiments in 1756, the Royal Americans gained two steps in rank, and became the 60th Regiment of the Line; and they retained that number until the abolishment of numerical distinctions in 1881. The title of "Royal American Regiment" was discontinued in 1824, when the 60th, which at that time consisted of two battalions only, became the "60th Duke of York's Rifle Corps and Light Infantry;" one battalion being equipped as rifles, the other as light infantry. The designation of "Light Infantry" was very soon dropped, and the corps was then styled the "Duke of York's Own Rifle Corps;" six years later the title was again changed to the "60th King's Royal Rifle Corps."

they carried leathern rifle-bags in lieu of knapsacks, and were permitted to grow moustaches. No representation of this dress is given amongst the plates accompanying Wallace's "History of the 60th Rifles," where the first rifle uniform shown is that worn in 1814, of which Mr. Dadd has given a sketch. The jacket at this period was bright green, the collar, cuffs, and shoulder-straps being scarlet; the shako, belts, and gaiters were black; and the pantaloons were bluish grey, with a narrow scarlet stripe.

In 1816, the dress of the 60th was changed to "a green jacket with short skirts, lapels lined with scarlet, scarlet cuffs and collars, * Rifles were first adopted in the British Army in 1794, and one of the battalions (probably the 1st) of the 60th was armed with them in that year.



CHRISTMAS BOOKS

VI.

two buttons on each; two rows of buttons in front, a gold bugle on skirts, wings of gold chain and bullion, green pantaloons, and a cap of regulation pattern." The privates had black wings. This peculiar but handsome uniform appears to have obtained until 1824 or 1825, when the 60th adopted the regular rifle dress, as worn by their brethren of the Rifle Brigade, only with scarlet instead of black facings. In time, the handsome rifle jacket gave place to the more useful, though less becoming, tunic. The shako, too, went through various changes in form until, in 1872, a neat "busby" was adopted as the head-dress of the Rifles. In 1878 the busby was put aside, and a helmet of dark-green cloth, with bronzed chain and ornaments, was issued instead.

The present uniform of the King's Royal Rifle Corps is admirably depicted in the large coloured plate given with this week's issue of *The Graphic*.

COLOURS, BADGES, &c.—The original badge of the Royal Americans was the Royal Cypher within the Garter, surmounted by a crown, and this badge, surrounded by a "rose, thistle, and shamrock" wreath, and having beneath it a scroll bearing the regimental title, was emblazoned as their colours. On the regiment being made a rifle corps the colours were discontinued.

The present badges are a "Bugle" and a "Maltese Cross," with the motto, *Celer et Audax*. "The motto *Celer et Audax*," writes Captain Wallace, "was given to the regiment by General Wolfe, for its distinguished bravery at the siege of Quebec, in 1759. . . From some cause, which it is not easy to conceive of, this motto was either forgotten or disused; at what period I am unable to say. It was re-issued in October 14th, 1824, when His Majesty George III. was pleased to authorise its being restored and worn on the appointments of the regiment."

WAR SERVICES.—In the limited space at our disposal it is impossible to give anything approaching a satisfactory account of so distinguished and "multi-battalioned" a regiment as the 60th Rifles. Suffice it to say, that the descendants of the Royal Americans can boast of more "honours" than any other corps in the British Army; they bear on their appointments no less than thirty-two names of sieges, battles, and campaigns in which the various battalions have played a prominent part. *Louisburg, Quebec, and Martinique* commemorate the services of the *then* 2nd and 3rd battalions in America and the West Indies; *Rolica, Vimiera, Talavera,* Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Albuhera, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, and Toulouse* prove that the old 5th, or Rifle Battalion, had more than its share of hard fighting in Portugal and Spain. The 1st battalion gained for the corps the honours *Punjab, Mooltan, and Gojehat*, and, in after years, *Delhi*. The 2nd battalion added to the list, *South Africa, 1851-2, Taku Forts, Peking, Ahmed Khel, Kandahar, 1880, and Afghanistan, 1878-80*; whilst the 3rd battalion's services are shown by *South Africa, 1879, Egypt, 1880-84, and Tel-el-Kebir*. At Waterloo, none of the battalions of the 60th were present, but the corps was nevertheless represented in that famous battle by some half a dozen of its officers who were serving on the staff of the Duke's army.

In short, we may say that from 1756 to the present year of grace, wherever there has been fighting, some members of the gallant 60th have been present, and wherever they have fought, they have distinguished themselves, and battled for their country with unshaken fortitude and devotion.

J. PERCY GROVES, late 27th Inniskillings.
"Reserve of Officers."

CALCUTTA PAPER-CHASES

As soon as the rice is harvested and the country sufficiently dry to ride, that is to say, about the middle of December, the horsemen and horsewomen of Calcutta begin to turn their horses' heads to the south-west of a morning, towards the open fields, and one day the newspapers contain a notice:—"Paper-chases.—Meet at Jodhpoor Station on Thursday, at 7.15 a.m. Finish near the railway-crossing between the Rifle-range and Ballygunge Station." Every Thursday for nearly three months the game is repeated, and forms one of the most popular amusements for Calcutta during the cold season.

Soon after daylight a continuous stream of carriages—from the four-in-hand coach to the pony-gig—and of riders, masculine and feminine, begins to pour through Ballygunge and down the Ghurighi Road, until a crowd of as fair women and brave men as any city can show is assembled at the meet, to see Mr. Walker on Mulla and "the Toulga" on Lola start at a canter for the first hurdle, each with a pair of huge saddle-bags before him filled with paper, of which they throw handfuls to mark the line till they are out of sight round the corner. Ten minutes pass slowly, while eighteen or twenty handsome hunting-looking horses gradually form a line, in which three or four habits are conspicuous, among them, after a long absence, the well-known "Mem Sahib," reminding us of the old days when she cut us all down, and won the Cup at the end of the season on poor Champion. The ten minutes are up, the man with the watch calls "Go," and the hurdle is charged at a pace not unbefitting the start for a five-furlong spin, then a mud wall in the open, a sharp turn to the right, and a big wall with a ditch on the taking-off side, and the sun in your eyes. Here there is some fun, uncertainty as to the meaning of men and horses, and some little grief, but seven or eight fly it like steeplechasers, and also the second wall a few strides beyond, and bend round to the right; but the leaders have flashed over the scent, and pull up. A second or two is enough, and the line is hit off over the railway-crossing. Round to the left and by a narrow path through a native village, where the leaders take a pull in spite of those behind crying "Forward;" out into the open, and a rattle at another well-built sod-wall; too much for the good little roan pony, who pitches on his head, and lies with his neck broken, while the gallant A. D. C., the scion of a noble house, ruefully rises to his feet. Away for the Salt Lake country, the natural ditches improved and full of water, the banks built up with sods, and the ground getting more and more holding, till we turn to the left and race for the finish, where the last hurdle is set up among the brickfields, three or four of the best men all at it, and the Mem Sahib lying handy on Shamrock; but Shamrock is not quite fit, and in spite of good riding, has had enough—twenty minutes' fast galloping over a country must tell. The two leading horses clear the hurdle neck and neck, and the race is won by a head, with half a century of Calcutta looking on, and three lengths behind them a tired horse gallops through the hurdle. Who won? Our Calcutta readers will supply the name from among a well-known half-dozen, and we really forget which did win that chase which we have had principally in our minds while giving a general description. There are many worse ways of spending a morning, and many worse ways in which young fellows might spend their money, than in getting something fit to take the lead and keep it in a Calcutta paper-chase.

* At dawn on the 27th July, 1809—the morning of the battle of Talavera—the French cavalry moved down so suddenly through the plain between Talavera de la Reyna, and the Alberche, that the British outposts were surprised; many men being killed before they could rise from the ground, while Sir Arthur Wellesley himself was nearly taken prisoner. The brigades became separated, and the young soldiers fired on each other, but the steadiness of the old troops, and notably of the 45th Foot, and some companies of the 5th Battalion 60th Regiment, enabled Sir Arthur to rally his men and check the French advance.

SLAVONIAN folk-lore has not been investigated so completely as the popular traditions of most countries, so the "Sixty Folk-Tales" (Elliot Stock), gathered by A. H. Wratlaw, include many novel and unfamiliar legends. Mr. Wratlaw draws his material chiefly from a collection by the late Bohemian writer, Erben, and his book is an excellent companion to the late Mr. Ralston's Russian studies on the same ground. Several tales are curious variations of German stories, while our old friends the sun myth, Cinderella, Red Riding Hood, &c., are here, as in the fairy lore of other lands. Told in picturesque language, and accompanied by explanatory notes, Mr. Wratlaw's tales will interest the child-lover of fairy literature as much as the student of national traditions.—African folk-lore is the root of many of Uncle Remus' inimitable nigger histories, but probably the boy who receives the handsome volume, "Daddy Jake" (Fisher Unwin), containing some bright sayings of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris' popular hero, will be less likely to think about comparative mythology than to enjoy the fun of the subject. It is quite refreshing to renew acquaintance with Brer Rabbit, the Terrapin, and their jovial companions.

Memories of summer holidays are pleasant in dreary winter time. The "Pen and Ink Sketches" (Digby and Long) of Continental scenes, drawn by Emily Richings, flit agreeably through Italy to Switzerland, from Germany to the cold North.—Scenes nearer home appear in the fresh volume of "Cities of the World" (Cassell) devoted this time to the principal towns of Great Britain and Ireland. Various pens describe the origin, chief features, products, and present aspect of the three capitals of the United Kingdom, together with such important manufacturing centres as Glasgow, Belfast, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, and so forth, the accompanying pictures being especially good.—Among illustrated works comes a dainty pastoral volume, "The Wreath" (Marcus Ward), where Tring Pearce depicts Watteau-like shepherdesses and their swains to frame the favourite old English ballads which chant their praises. The gold and floral borderings are very tasteful.—To these rustic revels follow the exploits of "The Robbers of Squeak" (Marcus Ward), a brigand band of rats and mice, whose depredations and final conversion into pious monks A. M. Lockyer portrays with true humour.—Most picture-books, however, instruct as well as amuse, like the three excellent guides of Vere Foster's water-colour series for young artists—"Marine Painting" and "British Landscape and Coast Scenery," by the late Edward Duncan, and "Flower Painting," by Ethel Nisbet (Blackie). The two former suit more advanced workers, providing water-colour sketches and their outlines for copying, together with small reproductions of works by Turner. Chatty remarks accompany the sketches, besides full directions for drawing and colouring. Miss Nisbet's floral volume follows the same plan, but is intended for beginners.—Younger readers are taught, by pen and pencil, the wonders and history of the world in "A Little Brown Pebble" (Allen), wherein S. L. Pumphrey puts hard scientific facts in an easy form, likely to interest children in the "fairy tale of science."—And, as all knowledge must have a beginning, the nursery mites can learn their letters from a gaily-coloured "Baby's A B C" (Warne); or, better still, study how to "Laugh and Learn" (Blackie), from Jennett Humphreys' complete treasury of nursery lessons and nursery games. This is one of the best books of the kind imaginable, full of practical teaching in word and picture, and helping the little ones pleasantly along a right royal road to learning. When these small people have duly done their tasks, they may dip into "Daisy Dimple's Pictorial Scrap-Book" (Cassell), a monster olla podrida of cuts grave and gay, Scriptural and historical, instructive and recreative. A little more judicious selection is needed; for instance, the head of a pug on one page far more resembles a monkey.—To return to elder learners, however. Young people will gather a fair outline of the early literary history of our own country from Henrietta Wright's "Children's Stories in English Literature" (Ward and Downey). Ranging from the times of the Druids to the period immediately preceding Shakespeare, the authoress condenses much useful information, and her slight sketches will whet the appetite for further knowledge. Her view of Beowulf's poem does not quite tally with generally-received opinions, however.—A quaint example of English literature in rather later days is the *fac simile* of the unique first edition of Bunyan's "Book for Boys and Girls" (Elliot Stock), the origin of the "Divine Emblems." The original, dated 1686, was in the Stowe collection, disappeared until a few years ago, and is now in the British Museum; so that this *fac simile* is a regular literary curiosity, with its rhymed religious meditations for young people.

Slavery being one of the most prominent topics of the day, the biography of so energetic an Abolitionist as Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe seems peculiarly seasonable. "The Life-Work of the Author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'" (Funk and Wagnalls) may well remind young people that, only thirty years ago, the wrongs of the negro in the United States equalled those of his African brother. Mrs. Florine Thayer McCray draws Mrs. Stowe's career with the touch of a devoted friend, and it is sad to contrast this portrait of a busy, zealous worker with the original, now a feeble, mental wreck in her Connecticut home.—Like Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Gilbert Bishop writes an anti-slavery novel, but "The Beachcombers" (Ward and Downey) deals with the Polynesian labour traffic, depicting the sufferings of the ignorant islanders kidnapped as coolies for the Australian planters. Mr. Bishop brings forward sufficient horrors to support the arguments which he weaves into an exciting tale for boys, with a treasure-hunt to heighten the interest.—Treasure was found also on another Pacific island by the survivors from "The Wreck of the *Argo*," by F. G. Fowell (Ward and Downey)—which reads like the reprint of an old story—and treasure was, again, the purpose of the wretches who destroyed "The Spanish Galleon" (Ward and Downey) in the days of George II. This last volume is a spirited West-Country romance, by F. C. Badrick, with an entertaining account of a Somersetshire band of rogues, the Bonnetts, evidently near relatives of the renowned Devonshire Doones.—Travelling further west, into Cornwall, Mr. J. Cahill tells the familiar tale of a disastrous mining venture in "Wheal Certainty" (same publishers) on somewhat stereotyped lines.—Across the Atlantic once more for three histories of the Red Man from Mr. Edward Ellis: "The Hunters of the Ozark," "The Camp in the Mountains," and "The Last War-Trail" (Cassell)—all depicting strife between the whites and the Indians in rather monotonous fashion.—How many of such boys' books will earn the lasting popularity of Archdeacon Farrar's "Eric" (Black), now presented in its twenty-fourth edition with telling illustrations by Gordon Browne?

A trio of historical tales for girls agreeably vary the ordinary modern sentimental novelette. Thus Miss Emily Holt goes back to the Norman Conquest in "Behind the Veil" (Shaw) for a sprightly view of Early England, drawn with thorough knowledge of the life and period.—Mr. Talbot Baines Reed deserts his favourite schoolboys to follow the adventurous roivings of a 'prentice lad in the days of good Queen Bess, who serves "Sir Ludar" (Sampson Low) under the most exciting circumstances, warring with the Armada, fighting on the wild Irish coast, and encompassed by perils of every description. Mr. Reed acquits himself remarkably well in fresh fields. Descending half a century, "A Cavalier's Ladye" (Heywood)—

provides nearly as much adventure under Charles I., while, further, Constance M'Ewen adds the spice of truth to the characters in this stirring romance of the Isle of Wight.—In our own day the prettiest story of the group is "Miss Meredith" (Hodder and Stoughton), by the late Jewish authoress, Miss Amy Levy—a simple Italian love-episode charmingly told; while the companion tiny volume, "A Snow Flower" (same publishers), by Hester Day, neatly contrasts the characters of two sisters thrown into poverty.—More pretentious are the high-flown sentiments both of "Le Dragon Rouge" (Griffith and Farran) by Francis Vacher, with its moanings over a lost love, and of "A Gipsy Singer" (Digby and Long), by Warren Townshend, with its feeble hero, the popular dramatic tenor.—Again the theatre and its jealousies furnish the theme for "A Stage Romance" (Remington), by Lilith Ellis, which contains many absurdities, and for "The White Lady of Rosemount" (Hutchinson), wherein Mr. John Coleman's dramatic experience enables him to contribute a lively, if improbable, narrative. This quartet are scarcely desirable literature for young girls who, if they want to read about troubled love-affairs, will find some other volumes much more wholesome. Such, for example, as Miss Sarah Doudney's "Where the Dew Falls in London" (Nisbet), which centres round the Savoy Chapel, and provides a deserted damsel with a second highly desirable lover, like the heroine of "Cousin Ned" (Bryce). This is a taking representation of Scottish life by the late Miss L. Gray, with some capital character-drawing, while the dry humour does not clash with the strong religious bent throughout.—A similar cheerful element would greatly relieve the sombre record of New England sectarianism, "Steadfast" (Trübner), by R. T. Cooke, clever, but sad, and dealing with yet another faithless lover.—"Lilian's Hope" (Shaw), is of brighter tone, for Catherine Shaw at last lets the course of true love run smooth, after many trials and tribulations.—For lasses in their early teens "A Sage of Sixteen" by L. B. Walford (Spencer Blackett and Hallam), is a charming story, whose heroine leads those around her to help others, without being herself unnaturally good or priggish.—This was the mission also of the old-fashioned tiny maid in "Little Ruth's Lady" (Shaw), where Evelyn Everett Green again shows how well she can paint childlike characteristics.—More nice healthy English girls fill the pages of "Florence" (Routledge), by Alice Weber, and "Three Little Maids" (Smith and Innes), by M. B. Deane, both fresh readable chronicles of youthful friendships, fun, and frolic.—Against the girlish portraits should be set an equally pleasing boyish likeness, for Beatrice Harraden's "Master Roley" (Warne) depicts one of those fascinating laddies now so much the fashion in books.

Parish libraries will do well to choose some of Messrs. Shaw's smaller contributions. There are lessons of perseverance and steady work for the boys in "Robert's Race," by Mrs. Marshall, and "Miss Mollie and Her Boys," by L. Marston; "The Old House in the City," by Agnes Giberne, teaches neighbourly kindness, like "Old Christie's Cabin," by Emily Brodie; while how much a child can do to make others happy is set forward in "Little Minnie," by N. D'Anvers, and "Little Radiance," by J. Chappell.—Moral lessons are also neatly concealed in a brace of fairy tales, Miss Henry's narrative of Hauff's familiar German legend, "The Cold Heart" (Digby and Long), and the extract from the *Chronicles of Fairyland*, furnished by M. A. Curtois as "Elf-Knights" (Remington)—rather a gloomy page.—When the children are tired of reading, here are two more of Miss Whyn-yate's plays to act, "Fairy Rosebud" and "Little Dewdrop" (Dean), besides some ingenious cheap table-games, "Quick, Tell" (Dean), by F. J. Cross, and "Quoitac" and "Slidit" (Mortimer).



MESSRS. G. RICORDI AND CO.—"Among the Roses" and "Cupid's Reign" are two pleasing songs, music by J. L. Roedel; the words of the former are by F. E. Weatherly, of the latter they are by M. Stewart Duckworth.—A group of useful and taking songs for the drawing-room consists of three for which L. Denza has composed the music. "Desidero" (words by R. E. Pagliari). "Tardi!" (E. Panzacchi), and "Do You Regret?" (Arthur Chapman).—Two songs, music by F. Paolo Tosti, "Ici-Bas" (*paroles* de Sully Prudhomme) and "La Serenata" (G. A. Cesario).—"Could I But Know" is a sentimental love ditty, words by Chevalier E. Scovel, music by Lord H. Somerset, who has both written and composed "Forsaken," a very dismal ballad.—Of the same type as the above, but a trifle less depressing, is "Tender Memories," words by "Alba," music by Albert Visetti.—There is a healthy sentiment in "Angels of Earth," written and composed by Clifton Bingham and Frederic N. Lohr, published in three keys.—Two fairly good pieces for the pianoforte are "Souviens Toi," a *caprice impromptu*, by Henri Beignard, and "Tempo di Mazurka," by Giuseppe Martucci.—Ricordi's Cheap Edition of Dance Music, Vol. 1, contains seven pieces which are less familiar than many of the ordinary dance albums. Two very pleasing waltzes, "Fair Daughters of England" and "Queen of Waltzes," are by J. Burgman; "Notes of Oblivion Waltz" ("Note d'Oblivio"), by Marco Sala; "Confidences Mazurka," by G. Capitani; "The Renaissance," waltz and galop from the celebrated ballet, "Excelsior," by E. Marengo; "Gentle Whisper Mazurka," by Marco Sala; and "Between You and Me Polka," by G. Capitani, are all danceable, and the time is well marked.

MESSRS. MARSHALL.—A pretty waltz-song is "Roses, Red and White," written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and W. M. Hutchinson.—Two fairly good songs, music by E. St. Quentin, are, "The Friends that Could Not Stay," the words by R. S. Hickens, and "Honour's Call," the martial words by Wilfrid Mills.—"The Abbey Voluntaries," for the organ, harmonium, or American Organ (Vol. IV.), by Alfred Rawlings, are easy enough to prove useful to the many players who cannot attempt more difficult work. The mixture of secular and sacred music is a mistake; "Offertoire in F" is followed by a "Gavotte in F," which is succeeded by an "Ave Verum," and so on to a "Concluding Voluntary."—There is much originality in "Cossack Dance," by Ivan Tchakoff.

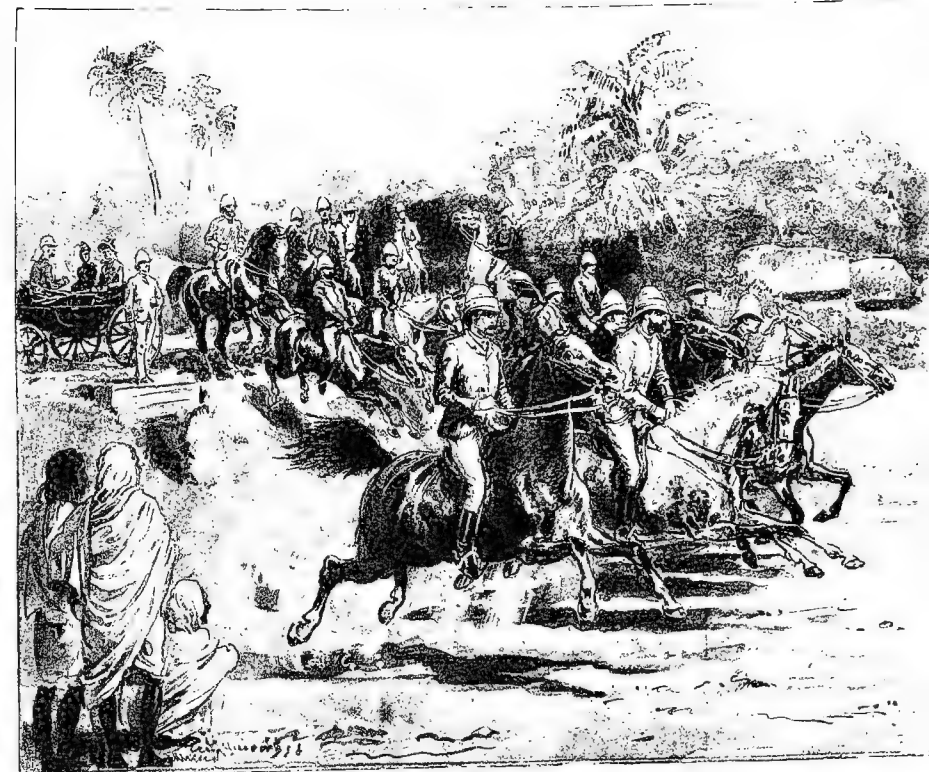
MESSRS. J. AND J. HOPKINSON.—Wherever a good sacred song is inquired for, it is safe to recommend Charles Gounod's "Ave Maria;" a meditation adapted to a second prelude of J. S. Bach's, for voice, violin, and piano, with violoncello and organ accompaniments, *ad lib.*, which is a work of no ordinary merit, although it is void of difficulty.—Two unpretentious and easy vocal duets, music by Mary Carmichael, are, "At Daybreak" (soprano and tenor), words by Mary Gillington; and "Song of the Mill" (soprano and contralto), words by R. S. Hickens.—Two of Robert Burns' charming poems, "O Were My Love Yon Lilac Fair" and "Thine am I Faithful Fair," have inspired Arthur Somervell to very musically settings of medium compass.—"A Song of the Thames," written and composed by E. Myers and H. F. Birch Reynardson, is a pleasing drawing-room song.



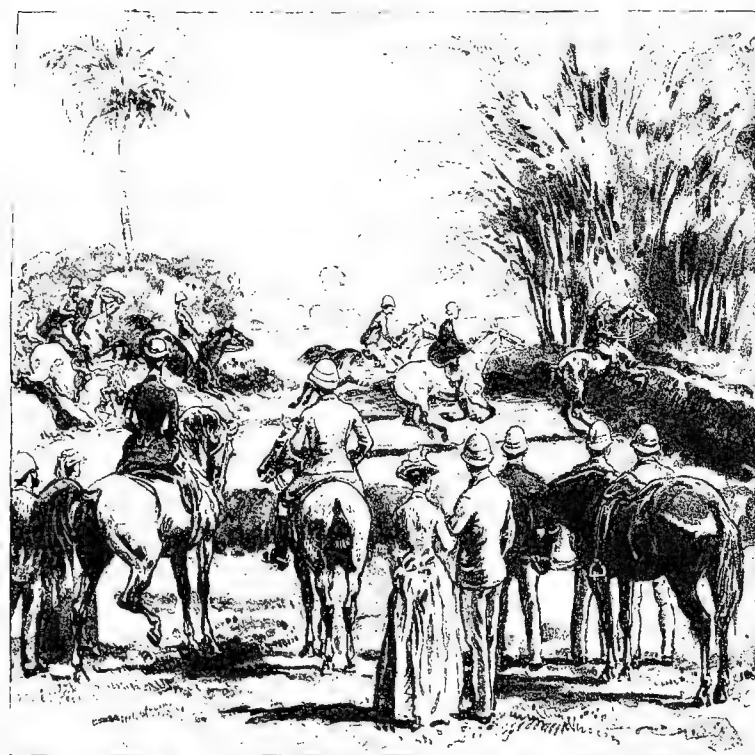
THE ROAD TO THE MEET



WE PROCEED TO LAY THE PAPER



THE START FROM THE ROAD



ALONG THE HIGH ROAD IN VIEW OF THE GALLERY



INDIAN FILE THROUGH THE BUSTEE



THE ROAN PONY BREAKS HIS NECK



THE FINISH

A PAPER CHASE IN CALCUTTA, INDIA

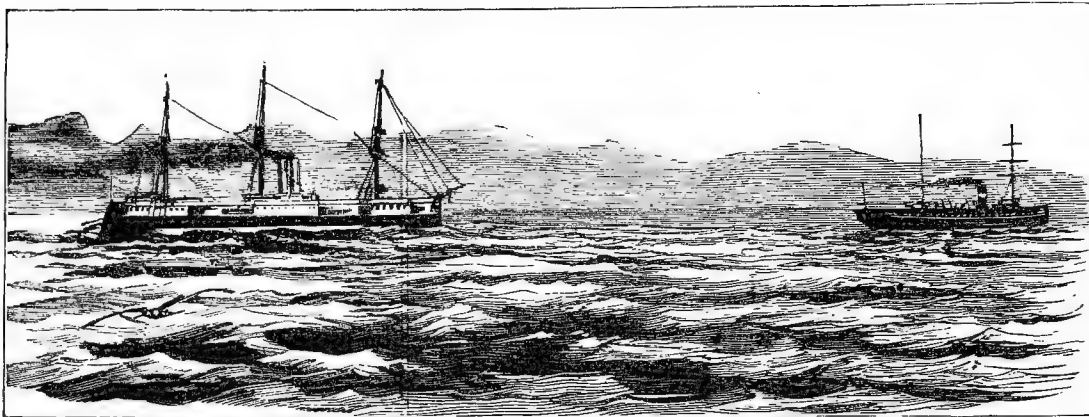


THE true story of the Revolution in BRAZIL has become known with the arrival of the deposed Emperor in Europe. Full details prove that the revolt was a regular military *pronunciamento*, which succeeded through the public indifference, but might have been checked by a few resolute men. The Imperial party had long been aware how Republican doctrines were spreading; yet Dom Pedro, humane ruler, philanthropist, and scholar as he is, was not the keen statesman needed to stem the torrent. Since the abolition of slavery, the Conservative landowners and the small slave-holders, whom the measure most injured, cherished a grievance against the Throne, and fell easy converts to Republicanism. Their wrath was directed chiefly against the Comtesse d'Eu for signing the Abolition Decree, although it was planned by the Emperor, and her unpopularity extended to her husband. Indeed, the Comte even offered to leave for Europe to satisfy public opinion. The military party disliked the policy of the War Ministry, and showed their insubordination so plainly that the Government decided to disperse the Rio garrison. This intention afforded the pretext for the Revolution, which was originally fixed for December 2nd; but, the Government's suspicions being aroused, the conspirators advanced the date. Thus, when the Ministry were in the Santa Anna barracks endeavouring to deal with a rebellious battalion, General Fonseca and two regiments surrounded the barracks and arrested the Ministers. At first Fonseca and his followers only intended to overturn the Cabinet, but success led them farther. The Emperor heard the news at Petropolis, and hurried to Rio, where he planned a new Ministry, to include Fonseca. Early next morning, however, Fonseca blockaded the Palace with soldiery and cannon, and sent an insolent message to the Emperor, declaring that Brazil had decided for a Republic, thus rendering "the presence of the Imperial family absurd and impossible." He added that they remained prisoners until they agreed to leave Brazilian territory. Dom Pedro yielded with dignity, but, although the Provisional Government had promised to allow twenty-four hours for preparation, the Imperial party were forced away at three next morning, professedly to avoid any disaster from the excited students. The fugitives had no time to collect their luggage, and while the Emperor and Empress drove, the Comte and Comtesse d'Eu and their family were obliged to walk to the quay, where they were hurried on board a gunboat and taken out to sea. They spent a miserable day, in rough weather, till

than discuss the few remaining elections, though a struggle is expected over the grant of Secret Service money which the Government was denied in the last Chamber. This question may overthrow the Ministry, but it seems more likely that the Cabinet will last until the new Session, on January 7th. PARIS is busy with preparations for the New Year, and President and Madame Carnot intend to give a Christmas-tree party at the Elysée to 400 of the poorest children of the capital. Much interest has been felt in the return of M. Coquelin to the Théâtre Français, where the favourite actor gave up his position as *sociétaire* to enjoy more liberty, and now returns as a simple *pensionnaire*.

IN GERMANY Emperor William's visits to the minor Teutonic Courts and important provincial towns have been as significant in their way as his foreign tour. In every case the Emperor sought to promote and strengthen German unity, this aim being expressed very forcibly in all his speeches. When staying with the Duke of Anhalt he spoke of the services rendered by the province to the German army, while at Darmstadt he reminded the Hessians of their share in the struggle for the union of the Fatherland, prophesying that in case of need Hessian steel would prove as sharp, keen, and unbending as in 1870. The Sovereign seemed especially pleased with his visit to Darmstadt, and this cordiality was all the more marked as showing the end of the recent coolness between the two Courts. Thence Emperor William went to Frankfurt, where his enthusiastic reception displayed no vestige of the jealousy with which Frankfurt formerly regarded Prussia. The Emperor modestly acknowledged that his popularity was chiefly inherited, and had yet to be won personally. "My whole labour," he continued, "is directed to making my country great, powerful, and respected. I have to-day convinced myself what fruits were brought to maturity in the years during which my predecessors succeeded in preserving peace, and, if it please God, my endeavours to the same end shall likewise be crowned with equal success." Speaking to the Burgomaster, he also declared that he knew of only two political parties—"one for me, and one against me." His Majesty follows closely the present dispute between the miners and their employers, which has cooled down through mediation. A general strike had been arranged, as the owners persisted in "locking out" miners who had previously been discharged, but they yielded the point just in time. Major Wissmann is likely to return home for a brief holiday from East Africa, where another attack on Bushiri has resulted in the chief escaping once more.

The Turkish firman embodying the promised amnesty and reforms for CRETE has been published at last, but creates bitter disappointment. Indeed, the amnesty benefits only a small minority of the rebels, for it excludes the leaders of the late movement, all Cretans condemned by the Courts Martial, and all persons offend-



THE BRAZILIAN IRONCLAD, "RIACHUELO," WHICH ACCOMPANIED THE "ALAGAS," HAVING THE EX-EMPEROR ON BOARD

they were transferred at night to the *Alagoas* and escorted safe out of Brazilian waters by the dilapidated ironclad *Riachuelo*, of which we give an illustration. Meanwhile the civil population at Rio accepted the Republic with utter supineness. Troops were posted ready to quell any objections, telegrams were stopped, and banks warned not to allow exchange to fall; but such precautions were unnecessary, and the lead of the capital was followed meekly throughout the country. This peaceful state of affairs continues at present, yet the Provisional Government are careful to remove all officials of Imperial sympathies, and have dismissed Baron de Penedo from the Diplomatic Body for "hostility injurious to the State," after he has been Brazilian Minister to London for sixteen years. The Imperial party had a favourable passage, Dom Pedro being wonderfully cheerful, but the Empress and the Prince Pedro Augusto, the Emperor's favourite grandson, both fell ill. All Lisbon made holiday on Sunday to greet the Imperial exiles with every mark of respect and sympathy. King Charles went out to meet them in the State barge, and the chief Government officials were waiting on the quay, whence the Imperial party drove first to the Pantheon of San Vincent for the Emperor to pray at his father's tomb. Dom Pedro will say little about politics, but he refuses to accept the parting present of half a million offered by the Republic. He is fairly well, and will shortly go to Southern France with the Empress, while the Comte and Comtesse d'Eu visit the Duc de Montpensier in Spain.

PORTUGAL holds firmly to her claims in the Zambesi region. The official reply to Lord Salisbury's protest sets forth the Portuguese historical rights at considerable length, clothing obstinate determination in most conciliatory terms. Portugal is willing to define clearly the boundaries of the respective territories, according to the British proposal of last year, but the Government ignore the consideration how much their pretensions have increased since then. However, the Lisbon public declare unanimously that Portugal has justice on her side, and must maintain her position.

FRANCE has again been threatened with a Boulangist demonstration, which, like many of its predecessors, ended in smoke. The debate on M. Joffrin's election took place on Monday, and the Boulangists announced that they would then hold the monster manifestation which they had planned for the opening of the Chamber. However, public indifference and bad weather crushed their hopes, little interest was shown outside the House, while inside the discussion only raised the customary amount of noise on such exciting occasions. The simple point was, whether the votes given for General Boulanger were legal, as, if not, M. Joffrin had obtained the necessary majority. M. Déroulède's amendment, that the General should be declared elected, was rejected by 370 to 123 votes, while General Cluseret's proposal that the election be annulled failed by 311 to 243 votes. This decision validated M. Joffrin's election. Throughout, the Deputies took the political, not the legal, view of the question, and both the Boulangists and their allies declared loudly that the Government were treading down universal suffrage. The House will do little more before Christmas

ing against the common law. The so-called reforms demolish the remnant of Cretan self-government. True, the Governor-General may be either a Christian or a Mussulman, but he can do nothing without the consent of the Turkish military commander. The gendarmerie, instead of being purely national, will be recruited from other Turkish subjects, nearly all officials are to be appointed by the Porte, and the whole of the Customs Revenue must go to the Porte, instead of half as hitherto. The Deputies in the Assembly are reduced to fifty-seven, of whom thirty-five Christians inadequately represent their 250,000 fellow-believers, in contrast to twenty-two Mussulmans, for their 50,000 co-religionists. Such hard treatment is not repaired by the promise of schools, public works, &c., so that the vaunted pacific firman has not improved the situation either in the island or in GREECE. Turning to other districts in EASTERN EUROPE, BULGARIA has caused fresh trouble by her new loan, the Russian Press rating Austria soundly for permitting the quotation on the Vienna and Pesth Bourses. They declare that this permission foreshadows the official recognition of Prince Ferdinand, and therefore violates the Berlin Treaty. In SERBIA the New Army Bill divides the forces into Regulars and National Militia. Every Serbian between the ages of twenty-one and fifty is liable to military service.

IN INDIA the forthcoming reception of Prince Albert Victor at Calcutta has given rise to an unpleasant conflict between the Government and a mass of disaffected natives, who make a point of opposing the authorities. The Lieutenant-Governor, supported by the most influential Europeans and natives, endeavoured to arrange a grand public entertainment, but the Bengalese students, who had packed the meeting, raised a perfect turmoil, and carried their amendment for a Leper Asylum as a permanent memorial of the Prince's visit. Meanwhile the Prince himself has enjoyed capital sport in Travancore—shooting bison, elephants, and snipes. He now returns to Madras, to embark next week for Burma. Several districts of the Madras Presidency suffer severely from scarcity, and the starving inhabitants have raised grain riots. Tantia Bheel has been executed, protesting his innocence to the last.

THE UNITED STATES have been reminded forcibly of their great Civil War by the death of Mr. Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Confederation. He had lived in complete obscurity of late years, and it is generally remarked how thoroughly subsequent events justified the Government's treatment of so important a rebel. Instead of giving Mr. Davis the glory of martyrdom, they simply deprived him of civic rights, so that he faded out of public life and notice. The ex-President caught cold and malaria when travelling on a river steamboat some time ago, and left his home at Beauvoir, Mississippi, for more skilled medical advice in New Orleans, where he expired at a friend's house. Much sorrow for his death was shown throughout the city and the South generally, the buildings being hung with crape and the flags flying half-mast high. Crowds passed through the City Hall at New Orleans during the three days while the deceased lay in State, clad in his old grey Confederate uniform, and the funeral services on Wednesday were highly im-

posing. Even in the North, Mr. Davis's death was referred to with great sympathy and respect, but the Government took no official notice of the event. Congress on Wednesday held a grand commemoration of the centenary of Washington's inauguration as President of the United States, the services being attended by the President, with the Cabinet and chief officials, besides the members of the Pan-American Conference. The Cronin trial has advanced no further than the arguments for the defence, whilst, among several serious conflagrations, the piers belonging to the National Steamship Company, at New York, have been destroyed, with the loss of four lives and 25,000/. A worse calamity, however, was the loss of the Opera House at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, owing to a false alarm of fire. Twelve persons were killed and seventy-five injured, while many are missing. The theatre was closed as dangerous some years ago, but was opened temporarily to replace the building destroyed by the late floods.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At the deliberations of the Anti-Slavery Conference in BELGIUM, Lord Vivian's proposals for the suppression of the slave-trade at sea are opposed warmly by France, especially of the right of search.—ITALY is holding out the olive-branch to France, and Signor Crispi, speaking in the Chamber, insisted that the differences between the two countries were solely commercial, not political.—SWITZERLAND has chosen her President for 1890—M. Ruchonnet, with Dr. Welti for Vice-President.



THE QUEEN has received numerous visitors at Windsor. The new Italian Ambassador presented his credentials at the end of last week, and dined with Her Majesty, together with Lord and Lady Salisbury and the Hon. W. H. and Mrs. Smith; while the Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy and Lieutenant-Colonel Massing were the Queen's guests on the following evening. Her Majesty also held a private Investiture of the Order of the Bath to create Sir H. Rawlinson and Admiral Sir W. Acland-Hood Knights Grand Cross, and to bestow the Second Class of the Order on Dr. Banks. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein subsequently arrived to stay with the Queen during the absence of Princess Beatrice, who went up to town to accompany the Duchess of Albany and her children to Barnum's Show. On Saturday the Bluecoat Boys came to the Castle to show their drawings and charts, the head officials of Christ's Hospital also being presented to Her Majesty. Each lad separately exhibited his drawings to the Queen and Princess Victoria, and Her Majesty chose five of the sketches. Next morning the Queen and Princess attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Dean of Llandaff preached, Dean Vaughan, with the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Davidson, afterwards dining with the Royal party. On Monday night the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, and Mr. Balfour dined with Her Majesty, and next evening Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen were entertained at the Castle. To-day (Saturday), being the double anniversary of the deaths of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice, all members of the Royal Family in England will join the Queen at Windsor to attend the Memorial Service.

The Prince and Princess of Wales attended on Saturday a large gathering of the West Norfolk Hunt at Hillington Hall to present a testimonial to the huntsman, Robert Clayden. Snow prevented any sport, so the Royal party drove over from Sandringham in sleighs, the Prince and Princess being accompanied in their sledge by Prince George, Princess Hélène of Orleans, and the Duc de Chartres. The Prince of Wales made a brief speech, and the Royal party afterwards lunched with Sir W. and Lady Folke at the Hall. Mr. Balfour and Canon Duckworth arrived at Sandringham later, and the Canon preached next morning at Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalen's before the Prince and Princess and family, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and other guests. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris, with Princess Hélène and the Duc de Chartres, drove to the Roman Catholic Service at King's Lynn. The party dispersed on Monday, when the Prince of Wales came up to town, and visited the Cattle Show before going to Easton Lodge, Dunmow, to stay with Lord and Lady Brooke. Besides shooting over Lord Brooke's preserves, the Prince on Wednesday visited Mr. W. Gilbey at Elsenham Hall to inspect his stud, while yesterday (Friday) he would hunt with the Essex Hounds before returning to town. The Princess will also arrive at Marlborough House to accompany the Prince to Windsor to-day (Saturday). The Prince will preside at a public dinner on January 13th, to promote the formation of a National Leprosy Fund. The Prince and Princess start on their Dorsetshire visit to Lord and Lady Wimborne on January 14th. There will be shooting parties on the Wednesday and Friday, with a ball on the latter evening, visits to Bournemouth and Poole occupying the Thursday and Saturday.

On leaving Sandringham on Monday the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh went to Didlington Hall, Norfolk, to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Tyssen-Amherst until yesterday (Friday).—Princess Louise will visit Hampstead next Tuesday to distribute the prizes in the butter-making competition at the Dairy School for the Home Counties. She has been somewhat indisposed whilst staying with the Queen at Windsor, but is now better. Princess Christian's health has also improved.—The Duke of Connaught has been entertained at a Masonic Banquet in Bombay, where he was presented with the appointment of Honorary Grand Past Master of all the Scottish Freemasons in India.



MISS MARY ANDERSON is said to be contemplating a revival of *The Tempest*, which has not been seen on our stage for some years. Her Ariel would be certain to be interesting. But perhaps she will prefer to play the guileless Miranda. "Doubling" the parts would not be approved by those who have a proper reverence for the text.

We have already announced that Mr. George Alexander, of the LYCEUM and the ADELPHI, has resolved to fall in with the prevailing fashion, and to open a new theatre as soon as one can be finished for him. He will not commence, however, with a version of Daudet's *La Petite pour la Vie*, but with a three-act farcical comedy, entitled *Dr. Bill*, and adapted from the French by Mr. Hamilton Aidé. *The Struggle for Life* will come later.

That clever mimic Miss Margaret Ayrton is prepared once more to make fun of Mrs. Bernard Beere. Let popular performers achieve no matter what great triumph, "to this favour they must come." The forthcoming burlesque will be in a skit upon *La Tosca*, which Mr. Burnand is writing for Mr. Arthur Roberts, who will add this item to his bill at the ROYALTY, a few days before Christmas.

In Mr. Buchanan's version of *Clarissa Harlowe*, at the VAUDEVILLE, Mr. H. B. Conway will play Lovelace.

The STRAND Theatre has been re-decorated, internally, very tastefully in oak and blue tints. By dexterous management, Mr. Boulton has contrived to effect this improvement without interrupting the performances of *Our Flat*.

Mr. J. L. Toole is starring all this week at the GRAND Theatre, Islington, appearing in several of his most successful pieces. The popular comedian has been welcomed on his return from the provinces by large and enthusiastic audiences.

The new management of the NOVELTY have already withdrawn that ill-starred production, *The Spy, a Story of the Great Rebellion*; and at the PRINCESS's that almost equally unlucky drama, *The Wild Chase*, has also come to an end. This house will shortly re-open with Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's *Master and Man*.

Mr. Palmer, the well-known manager of New York, has undertaken to produce next year Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's two plays, *Heath* and *The Middleman*.

The protection of the Law Courts and the provisions of Copyright Law have been invoked by Mr. Fawn to deny Mrs. John Wood the privilege of singing "Ask a Pleeceman," nightly, in *Sunt Jack*, at the COURT Theatre. Mrs. Wood has accordingly been compelled to substitute "Rooty Toot," a production which is fortunately in no wise inferior to its predecessor in wit, elegance, and refinement:—

Strange all this difference should be,
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

Mr. Richard Mansfield produced a version of Ibsen's play, *A Doll's House*, recently in Philadelphia. An American paper gravely assures us that parents and guardians, misled by the title, took it for a child's play—"another *Little Lord Fauntleroy*;" and adds: "The unurlful departures of the family parties," as Ibsen's peculiar views regarding domestic propriety began to unfold themselves, are stated to have been "most affecting."

Mr. F. R. Benson's management of the GLOBE commences on the 1st inst. with his much-talked-of revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Miss Kate Rorke and Mrs. Benson will be of the company. Mr. Benson will play Lysander. The theatre will for the first time be lighted by electric lamps.

Miss Myra Kemble's first appearance on the London stage will take place on the 10th inst in Mr. Buchanan's *Man and the Woman*.

take place on the 19th inst. in Mr. Buchanan's *Grand Opera House*.—A new piece entitled *The Verger*, written by Mr. Walter Frith, was produced at ST. GEORGE'S HALL on Monday evening. The character of the old Verger (capitally played by Mr. Alfred Reed) is very cleverly conceived. He imagines that he is heir to a Dutch dukedom, but has a rude awakening from his visions. The serious incident, however, which is introduced towards the close of the piece, was scarcely in harmony with the comedy-vein of the earlier portion. Miss Fanny Holland played the Verger's sister with her usual cleverness; Miss Kate Tully was, also as usual, an attractive *ingenue*; while two new-comers, Mr. Avalon Collard and Mr. J. I. Mackay, the former of whom has a pleasant tenor voice, will doubtless gain ease with experience. The tuneful and melodious music is by Mr. King Hall. On Boxing Day, Mr. Corney Grain will produce a new musical sketch entitled *A Family Party*.



“REMBRANDT'S LAND”

THIS is the title given to a series of water-colour sketches in Holland by Mr. Wilfrid Ball, now on view at Mr. R. Dunthorne's small gallery in Vigo Street. Several of them would appear to advantage in a miscellaneous collection, but they are of very unequal merit, and certainly not important enough to form an exhibition by themselves. In the largest drawing in the room, "Below the Zuyder Zee, near Edam," the appearance of suffused light, atmosphere, and space, is extremely well rendered. Many of the picturesque little street-scenes and small views on crowded canals are true in local colour, and strongly suggestive of daylight and movement. A few of them, "The Grand Canal, Marken," for instance, and "The Highway to Edam," leave little to be desired; while some lead to the conclusion that the artist has not yet acquired sufficient technical mastery to give adequate expression to his purpose. In several cases the figures are awkwardly introduced, being either too large or too small for the places they occupy.

"SCENERY IN SCOTLAND AND SUSSEX"

THE room in the Fine Art Society's Gallery, in which Mr. Marks's "Pictures of Birds" were recently exhibited, is now occupied by a series of seventy drawings and studies by Mr. A. W. Weedon, of the Royal Institute. The characteristic qualities of this artist's pictures have long been familiar to the public. While resembling the work of the early Masters of the English Water Colour School in their simple unaffected manner of execution, they bear evidence of independent observation and careful study of Nature. In nearly all Mr. Weedon's best drawings, the sky forms a very important feature. He is not always successful in rendering effects of warm evening light; but some of his sea-coast studies, and many of his views of wooded valleys and wide undulating downs, partially overshadowed by moving clouds, are full of atmosphere and bright daylight. "Waste Ground near Littlehampton," "A Breezy Day on the South Coast," and "Storm Clearing Off—Rye," are among the best of several drawings in the room, in which transient effects of weather are rendered with convincing fidelity. Equally good in their way are some of the artist's views in the Scottish Highlands. The first we meet with, "Burn near Loch Maree," strikes us as the grandest in style and the most impressive; but there are many others scarcely, if at all, inferior to it. They are varied alike in atmospheric effect and in subject, and they all show a true perception of the especial character of mountain scenery, together with excellent taste and judgment in selection of point of view.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

ALL who enjoy refinement of thought, breadth of view, and depth of feeling in combination, and finely expressed, will appreciate as they deserve Mr. Samuel Waddington's "A Century of Sonnets" (George Bell). Some of the sonnets included in this volume were published in "Sonnets, and Other Verse," and several have appeared in the *Academy*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Andrew Lang's "Ballads of Books," "Sonnets of Europe," and other publications. Most of the work to be found in this volume is here printed for the first time. The volume opens with a freshly musical prelude, in which the deathless soul of Poetry makes large promise to the poet, and begins as follows:—

Dream-winged wanderer, with me fly,
I will lift thy soul on high ;
In the morning and by night
Thou shalt dwell in holiest light :
Where the quiring minstrels roam
'Neath the sky's encircling dome,
Visions such as angels love
Shall thy inmost spirit move—
Shall the New Light's mystic rose
To thy fearless eyes disclose. . . .

There is a purpose in the volume. There is a fine sonnet to "The New Light," and we like those to "St. Francis of Assisi," and "Giordano Bruno;" while a fuller and more belligerent note is struck in "The Battle of Belief." Certainly, apart from his other merit as a poet, Mr. Waddington puts uncommonly well some of the best thought of our time.

Any one who may desire to buy "True Love; the Raceiad and some Minor Poems," by "A Young Man," must send five shillings to Mr. W. Bailey, Church Farm, Shirley, Southampton. The "Minor Poems" are, perhaps, better than the *magnum opus*; but the "Young Man" writes with energy, and, although he has all the deficiencies of youth and vigour, he is not without a certain merit. He is anxious to be quoted, in fact, to be sampled before purchase. Manifestly a friend of the fair, we shall take two verses from general advice modestly tendered by him to those whom he has studied with enthusiasm:—

Your smiles are like the flowers of the field
That spend their lives in wooing rays of sun ;
The cloud-blots of our nature ever yield
To your persuasion when 'tis sweetly done—
Our sunshine dawneth when by yours 'tis wooed,
For frowns to frowns, and smiles to smiles are food.

The bachelor is married to his will—
A wife that always meets him with a smile ;
No matter what he does, they're friendly still,
He has no faults—men's wills their minds beguile,
Fair maidens know this, and appear most sweet
When they would with such charming wives compete.

So it will be seen that the "Young Man" is a shrewd cynic as well as poetical.

We have received from Messrs. Dean and Son "The Embalmed Heart, and Other Sensational Poems, suitable for Reading and Recitation," by E. J. Cooper (Ægzaycæ). The author attempts a "counterblast (thus to speak) to the Long-haired Sentimental School." In five pages of somewhat arrogant preface, he prepares us for what, under the circumstances, was to be expected. The "Embalmed Heart" which gives the title to the book, is the story of a penniless medical student who wooed the daughter of wealthy parents. They reject him, and the girl droops and dies. He gets at her coffin, cuts out her heart, embalms it, and carries it about with him under his waistcoat. In the face of this opening, it is small wonder that Mr. Cooper should inform the reader beforehand that "He must expect little milk and no honey—neither Arabian perfume nor rose-water." Seldom have we met doggrel so extravagantly puffred in advance by the poetaster.

THE SPIRE OF STRASSEBURG CATHEDRAL is being used as a meteorological observatory. A set of instruments have been placed in a small wooden screen on the platform of the tower, while a self-registering thermometer is fixed high up in the lantern to record the changes of temperature at this lofty altitude, 468 feet. The observations are taken weekly.

CHRISTMAS CARDS, ETC.—Christmas cards this year are not quite so numerous, being replaced in many instances by illustrated booklets, and coloured pictures. Messrs. Birn Brothers, 27, Finsbury Pavement, send us a selection of their cards, the most effective being the "Emmanuel" series. A set of four studies of yachts at sea is deserving of a special word of praise. They are admirably produced in colours, and are well worth framing. A series of flowers photographed from life, and coloured by means of chromolithography, are good specimens of work, as also are the small illustrated books published by this firm.—The productions of Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner, 41, Jewin Street, rank high in artistic merit and originality of design. Messrs. Charles Robertson, R.W.S., and Harold Wilson in collaboration, produce some charming sea-pictures with appropriate ornamental borders. Mr. Charles F. Noakes' floral fan series is sure to be admired, while our old friends, the cats, depicted in a variety of comical attitudes by Miss A. M. Lockyer, will doubtless find favour amongst the little ones. Other designs equally attractive are those by Ernest Wilson, B. B. Lawrence, H. H. Coudery, Harold Wilson, C. G. Fraser, Miss Alice West, and Miss H. J. Maguire. The artistic picture-books issued by this firm are charming specimens of tasteful illustrations, one of the best being "In the Harbour," by George R. Sims, illustrated by W. Langley and Percy Robertson.—The sporting element is very strong in the cards published by Mr. Harding, of Piccadilly, but they are all excellent designs and admirably reproduced. Familiar Proverbs, Frogland episodes, the "Home Sweet Home" Series, by Ernest Grist; "Sportive Ideals," by J. F. Weedon; and "Fox-hunting in Olden Times," by C. N. Marshall, are amongst the most popular subjects.—Messrs. Sockel and Nathan, with the exception of a series of "Society Portraits" and "Our Popular Actors and Actresses," painted by F. Sargent, confine themselves exclusively to artistic picture books. Longfellow's poem "Flowers" is daintily illustrated by Ada Hanbury and Clotie Brown; and "Fairy Fine Ear's Fancies," by Helen M. Burnside, inspires the pencil of Jessie Watkins.—Mr. J. F. Bennett, 82, Queen Street, E.C., issues a humorous novelty entitled the "Order of the Day," being a reproduction of a theatrical stall ticket, and some patterns of the "Visette" cards.—Nothing but praise can be given to the cards and booklets published by Messrs. S. Hildesheimer and Co., Limited, the majority of the designs being both original and seasonable. The embossed cards and the spiritual subjects are of special merit. Mr. A. F. Lydon illustrates a collection of poems, "Mantled in Snow," Mr. Wilfrid Ball furnishes some of his vigorous riverside sketches; and Mr. F. P. Barraud provides some delightful views of English Cathedrals. The designs of Messrs. Noël Smith and E. F. Manning are also worthy of mention.—The autograph cards of Messrs. John Walker and Co. are a novelty, and will commend themselves to those with a liking for simplicity of design. The Fine Art etchings adapted as Christmas cards will doubtless find many admirers.—Messrs. Hamilton, Hills, and Co.'s "Unique" cards consist of a variety of amusing novelties such as "thistle" dollars, pill-boxes, railway tickets, and a host of other humorous attractions adapted to suit the time of year. The same firm sends us two new card games, "Military Manœuvres" and "The House that Jack Built."—Excellence of printing and quaintness of design are the prevailing characteristics of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co.'s cards. Some of the designs are extremely humorous, and will cause much amusement, notably the "Nut to Crack," "Turn Over the Leaf," and "Raise the Hat" series. Mr. W. J. Hodgson contributes some amusing sketches to Mr. Pickwick and his friends at Manor Farm, and Mr. E. L. Shute illustrates "The Kelpie's Fiddle-bow," a story for children. Both in the cards and in the small books the colouring is always effective and in good taste.—As in former years, Mr. Arthur Ackermann sends a selection of Prang's American cards. They are not distinguished by any novelty of design, and are certainly below the average of artistic merit to which we are accustomed. We must, however, make an exception in favour of a coloured picture (sent as a Christmas card), by A. F. Tait, entitled "The Dash for Liberty," which is a capital specimen of coloured work. We have also received an assortment of cards from Thorburn Bain and Co., 60, Paternoster Row, E.C., and from Alexander Baird and Son, of Glasgow, both of which are distinguished by a variety of design, and excellence of workmanship.



A "STANLEY PANORAMA" is to be painted for Chicago by two French artists. It will represent Mr. Stanley's respective journeys in search of Livingstone and Emin Pasha.

THE MEMORIAL erected by the Queen to her Stuart ancestors buried in Paisley Cathedral was unveiled at Paisley on Thursday. It is a recumbent sculptured cross, similar to those familiar at Iona and the Western Isles.

THE POTSDAM MAUSOLEUM, which is to contain the remains of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, advances so rapidly that it will be ready for use by the second anniversary of the Emperor's death, June 15th next. The large domed roof now being built will be surmounted by a small cupola, inlaid internally with Venetian mosaics.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM will organise a small Tudor Exhibition simultaneously with the display at the New Gallery. A collection of engraved portraits of members of the House of Tudor will be shown in the King's Library, together with likenesses of contemporary celebrities connected with the race, and it is also proposed to include Holbein's decorative designs prepared for Henry VIII. The latter are now in the Print Room. To the New Gallery the Queen will lend many fine Holbein crayon portraits of the chief personages at the Eighth Henry's Court, most of these being preliminary studies for larger pictures in oil.

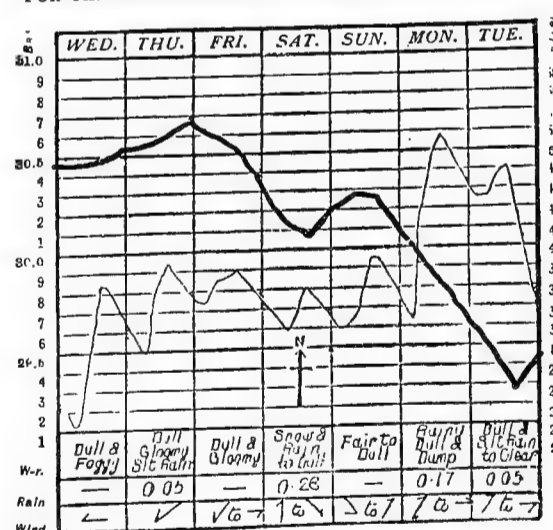
EXPLORATION is specially active just now in various parts of the globe. Thus another Polar Expedition is proposed, under the lead of Dr. Nansen, whose snow-shoe journey across Greenland was so successful. Mr. Dickson, the Gothenburg merchant, already well known for his support of Arctic travel, has offered the necessary funds. In the tropics, the French explorer, Captain Trivier, has just succeeded in crossing Africa from Loango to Mozambique, while in the East Mr. Campbell, a member of the British Consulate-General at Seoul, is exploring the Korean frontiers. The latter has succeeded very well, considering the opposition to foreigners generally shown in the Hermit Kingdom; and when last heard from he was approaching the Great White Mountains on the Russo-Manchurian boundary.

NEW YEAR'S TOYS IN PARIS are already appearing, and nearly all the novelties recall the Exhibition in some shape or other. Even the dolls resemble either the popular foreigners of the Colonial section—tiny Chinese, Annamites, &c., or the Spanish bull-fighters, the Highlanders, and "Buffalo Bills." Native huts, and other tropical constructions are capitally imitated, together with the Tonkinese "Pousse-pousse," and the donkey-drivers of the Rue de Caire. A miniature Decauville railway is an exact copy of the original, like the models of the great Machinery Hall and the Eiffel Tower, while a hydraulic toy reproducing the luminous fountains is promised later on. Nor are the Exhibition souvenirs confined to toys, for the newest bracelet is a *porte-bonheur* of artificial bamboo, with the motto, "You shall have everything you wish. You shall never be ill." A tiny gold figure of a Javanese dancer hangs from the bracelet in the form of a locket.

LONDON MORTALITY shows the influence of the recent severe cold. The deaths last week numbered 1,683 against 1,448 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 235, although 75 below the average, while the death-rate further advanced to 20.2 per 1,000. The fatal cases of scarlet-fever, diphtheria, and diseases of the respiratory organs showed a considerable increase.

WEATHER CHART

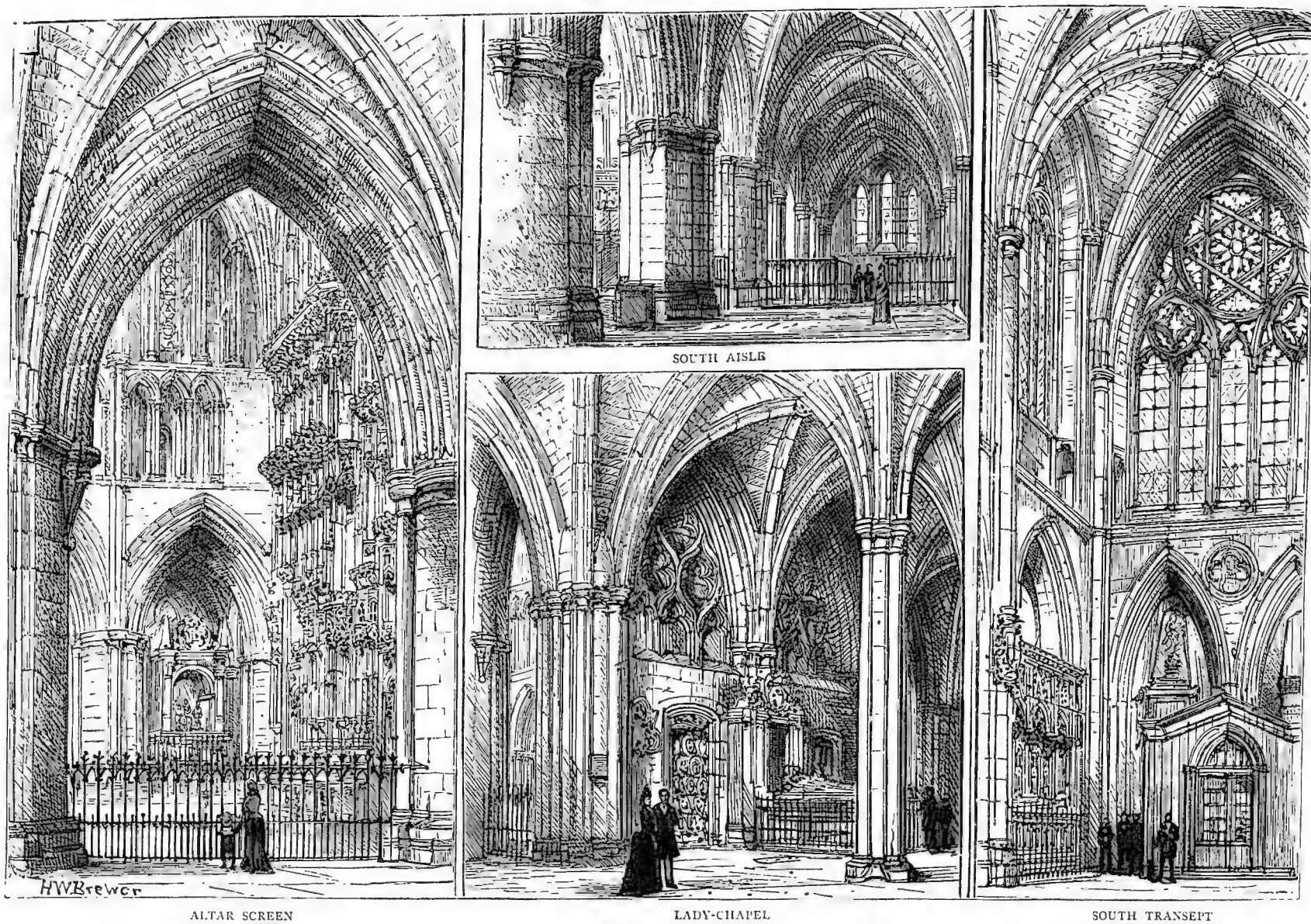
FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1889.



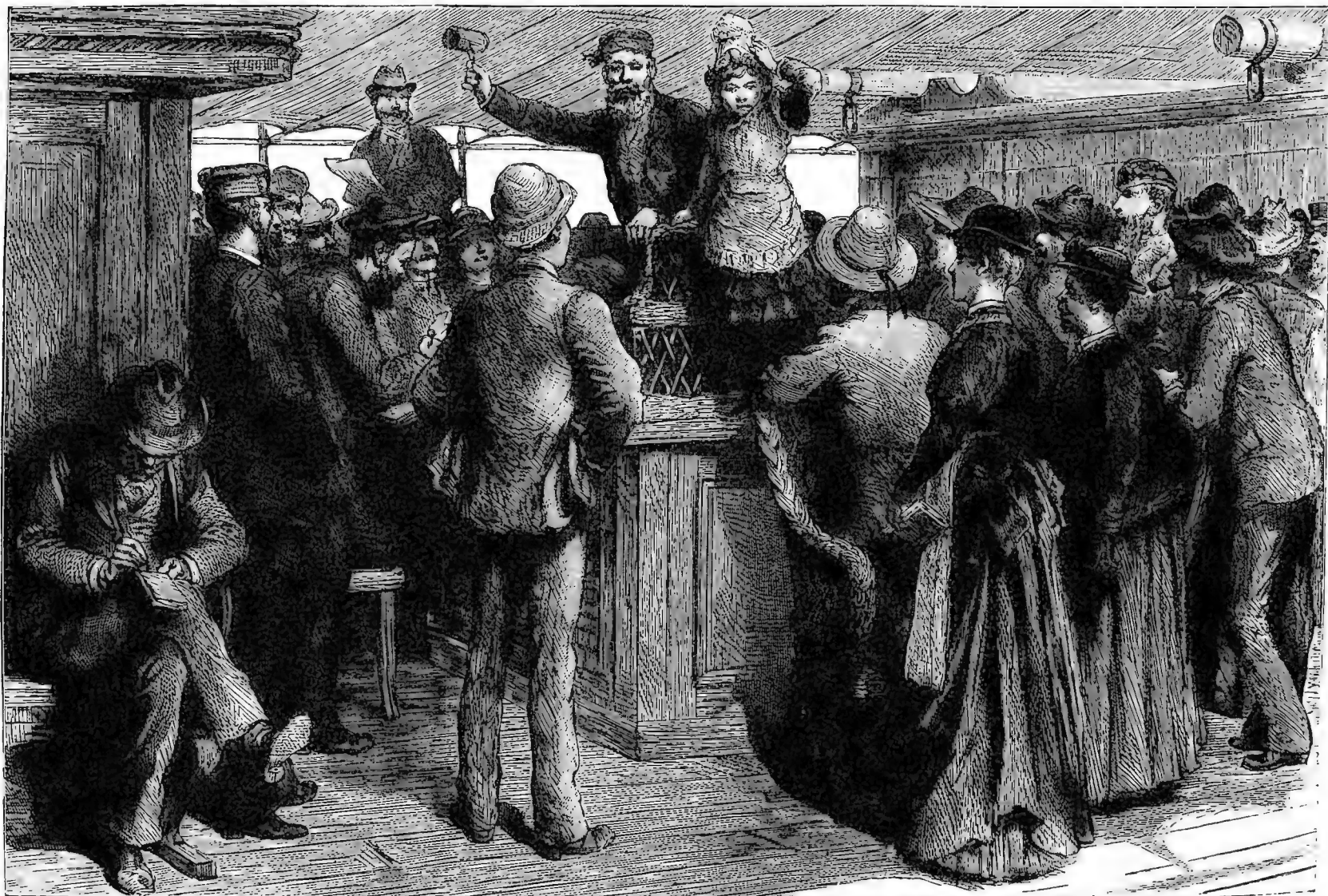
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (10th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the first part of this period severe wintry conditions were felt in nearly all places, but after the middle of the week warm South-Westerly winds, with rain, spread from the Northward all over our Islands. At the opening of the time pressure was lowest (30·1 inches) with gradients over the United and highest (30·9 inches) over Scandinavia, with gradients over the United Kingdom favourable for Southerly and Easterly breezes. The sky during this time was clear or partially so in a few places; but was densely overcast, gloomy, misty or over the greater part of the country, with hard frosts by night at nearly all stations. By Friday morning (6th inst.), the barometre had fallen briskly in the extreme North-West, to which coasts a depression had advanced, while over England a tongue of high pressure was still shown. The winds, therefore, drew into the South-West over the North-Western portion of the United Kingdom, and blew strongly in the extreme North, while over the South of the Kingdom they continued to blow lightly from the Eastward. Temperature now rose steadily in all places, and very little frost occurred, while very dull skies prevailed generally. On Saturday (7th inst.) pressure was lowest off the Coast of Norway, and highest off the South-West of our area, with Southerly breezes over the South and East of England, and Northerly breezes elsewhere. Rain was reported very generally, and in the South and East of England snow fell steadily for some hours. In the course of Sunday (8th inst.) pressure began to give way in all parts of our Islands, and depressions from this time to the end of the week skirted our Northern Coasts in a North-Easterly direction, with gradients for somewhat strong Southerly to Westerly winds over the whole country. Thus dull, rainy, and unsettled, but warmer, weather set in generally, and was still in force at the close of the time. Temperature was decidedly below the average during the first half of the week, but above it afterwards. The highest readings slightly exceeded 50° in most parts of the country at the close of the period, while the lowest ranged from 21° to 23° at several English inland stations at the commencement of the time.

The temperature was highest (51°) on Monday (9th inst.); lowest (23°) on Wednesday (4th inst.); range 28°.



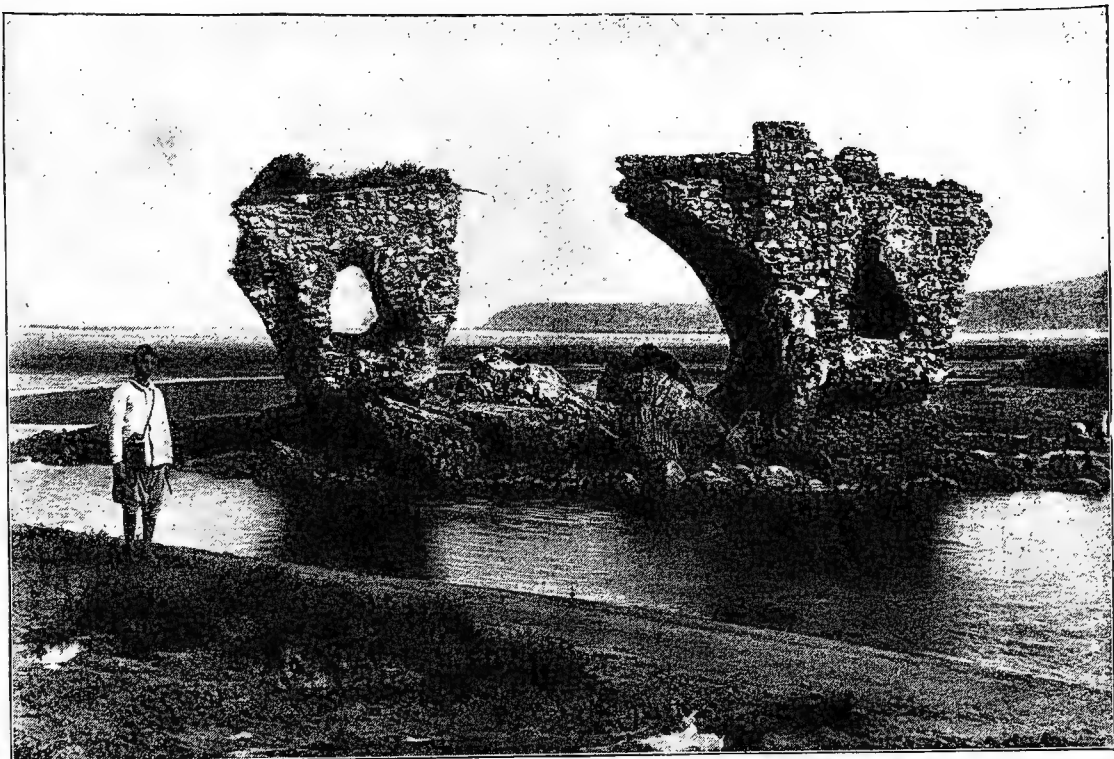
THE RESTORATION OF ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK



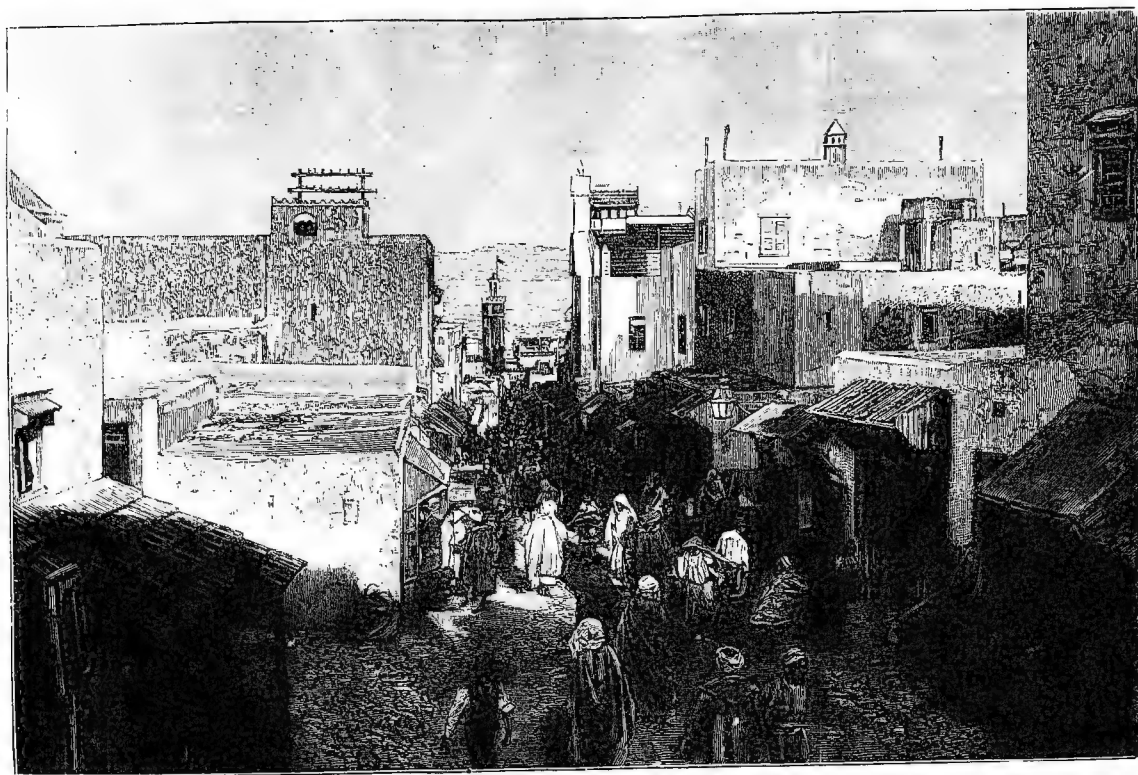
AMUSEMENTS ON BOARD SHIP—A LOTTERY DURING A VOYAGE TO THE CAPE



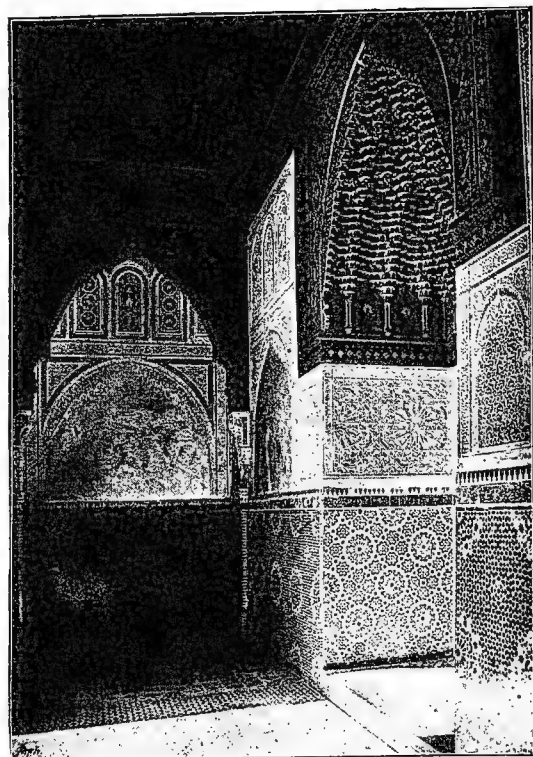
A WATER SELLER



OLD RUINS OF ROMAN BRIDGE AT TANGIER



A TANGIER STREET



THRONE ROOM IN THE SULTAN'S PALACE



A MOORISH GENTLEMAN OF TANGIER



NEGRO MINSTREL PLAYING A GUIMBRA



WOMAN IN HEBREW MARRIAGE COSTUME

VIEWS IN TANGIER, MOROCCO



THE TURF.—There is no racing of any importance to record this week, for the frost caused postponements both at Kempton and Sandown Parks, so we must be content with one or two brief items of news. Since we last wrote, the deaths have been recorded of William Archer, once a well-known cross-country rider (he won the Grand National in 1858 on Little Charley), but more famous as the father of Charles Archer, the trainer, and of Fred Archer, the never-to-be-forgotten prince of jockeys; and of Rossiter, the jockey who rode Robert the Devil in the 1880 Derby, when Archer on Bend Or beat him by a head (his own head, the critics say).—The owners of horses engaged in the Melbourne Cup next year will have 10,000% added money to run for. This beats all previous records.—There are not two Richmonds in the field, but there are two Bachelors. Sir James Duke and Mr. Brierly had each a horse of this name engaged at Manchester this week. The simplest way out of the difficulty would be for one of the Bachelors to get married, or, in other words, to be relegated to the stud.

FOOTBALL.—The severe weather played the mischief with this department of sport also. However, most of the League clubs managed to get through their matches on Saturday, the most important result being the drawn game between Preston North End and Blackburn Rovers. The qualifying competition for the Association Cup ended on Saturday, and the draw in the competition itself was made on Monday. The four Southern clubs left in have been uniformly unlucky in the draw, and in every case have to journey North. The Old Carthusians have again to encounter Wolverhampton Wanderers, whose bad ground was so large a factor in their last year's victory. Clapton are drawn against Small Heath, the Swifts against Sheffield Wednesday, and the Old Westminsters against Stoke. The Football Association at their meeting on Monday threw out a specious proposal for allowing payments of not more than 5s. to "amateurs" for loss of time.—Rugbywise, the only matches requiring mention are the defeat of Glasgow by Edinburgh, and the drawn game between Middlesex and Yorkshire at Halifax. All interest at present centres in the meeting to-day (Saturday) at the Queen's Club, West Kensington, of Oxford and Cambridge, when a very even match should result.

CRICKET.—The County Cricket Council, presided over, for the last time, by Lord Harris, decided at their meeting on Monday to appoint a Committee to classify the Counties, and to arrange a system by which a County should be able to rise from one class to another.—Lord Sheffield has arranged a very strong team to meet the Australians in their opening match next year.—The "spicy breezes" which "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle" seem to agree with Mr. G. F. Vernon's constitution. Playing against Eleven of Colombo he was again top-scorer for his side, making 75 out of a total of 194.

ROWING-MEN were greatly saddened by the news that Searle, the Champion Sculler of the world, had succumbed on Tuesday last to the attack of typhoid fever from which he was suffering when he arrived at Adelaide on the 21st of last month. Henry Ernest Searle, whose portrait (taken from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company) we engrave below, was born on July 14th, 1866, at Grafton, Clarence River, New South Wales. As a boy he



had to row to school and back—a distance of six miles—and it was this constant exercise, doubtless, which laid the foundations of his future fame. He won his first race in November, 1883, but it was not till January of last year, when he met and defeated Christian Neilsen, that he began the extraordinary series of triumphs which culminated in his victory, on September 9th last, over W. O'Connor, the Champion of America, upon the Thames. About a month later, Searle left for his native land in the Orient s.s. *Austral*, and at Naples, it is supposed, contracted the disease which ultimately proved fatal. He was 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and weighed in condition 11 st. 10 lbs. His quiet unassuming demeanour while in England made many friends, by whom his early death is greatly deplored, while his Australian admirers are heart-broken at the loss of their champion.

The Oxford Trial Eights were rowed on Saturday last at Moulshford, when, as was generally expected, the crew stroked by Mr. P. D. Tuckett, Trinity, was successful. As there are seven old "Blues" available, Oxford should have a good crew for the Putney event. The corresponding race at Cambridge (where, by the way, Mr. S. D. Muttelbury has been elected president for the third time—an unprecedented occurrence, we believe) took place on Tuesday at Ely. Mr. G. Elin, Third Trinity, stroked the winning crew. George Bubeat left on Friday last week for Australia.

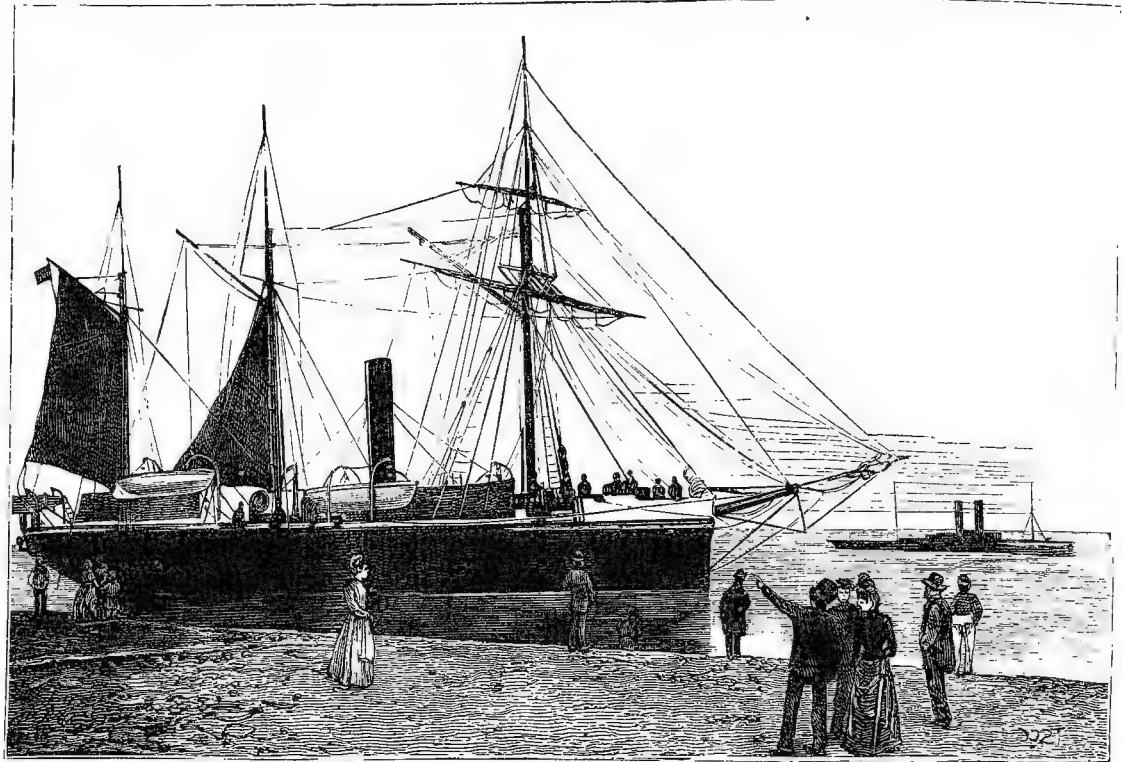
BILLIARDS.—North played up better than he had done previously in his match with Roberts last week, but was eventually defeated. The Champion (who this week is playing spot-barred against Mitchell, who is allowed fifty "spots" in a break) has offered to give either Peall or Taylor (whose match at the Aquarium last week was drawn for want of time) 8,000 in 20,000, spot-barred. Dowland made a break of 237 (his best in public, so far) in his match with North at the Aquarium on Tuesday. Richards wants to play any one in the world (bar Roberts) on a Championship table; and Mr. S. H. Fry has challenged Mr. A. P. Gaskell for the Amateur Championship.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At Lacroix, Lancashire and Cheshire have played a draw.—There has been a series of wrestling matches between Frenchmen and Englishmen at the Aquarium this week.

The former were successful, for the most part, in the Græco-Roman style, which is not much used in this country; but our countrymen more than held their own when it came to Cumberland and Westmoreland tactics.

H.M.S. "WATCHFUL"

ON December 5th the gunboat *Watchful*, engaged in the fishing service of the North Sea, went ashore as she was coming into Lowestoft Harbour in rather thick weather. She became imbedded in the sand to the depth of five feet. The first attempts to get her



off were fruitless; on the next day she was moved a little; and on the evening of Saturday, December 7th, she was got off and taken into the harbour. A Court of Inquiry will be held as to the cause of the stranding.

A NURSES' DOLL SHOW

LITTLE girls, we fear, would have voted the dolls exhibited at Charing Cross Hospital on Monday and Tuesday last a mighty dull collection. They were all the same size, and instead of being clad in the latest fashions, with silks and velvets, and stylish hats and bonnets, they nearly all presented the plainest and most sombre appearance, the nearest approach to gaiety being the red apron of St. Saviour's Hospital, Osnaburg Street. The fact is that, with the idea of showing at one glance the variety of uniforms

"We may anticipate," he says further, "that criticism in the immediate future, if less touched with emotion, will be better informed and less wilful than it has been in the past."—Grant Allen distinguishes between "Practical Religion," as to the origin of which he argues suggestively, and mythology. He takes somewhat different ground from that taken by Mr. Lang and Professor Max Müller.—Gladstonians, who may be both conscientious and intelligent, will find matter for reflection in Mr. Karl Blind's "The Unmaking of England," in which a recent controversial paper by Professor Freeman on Irish Home Rule is carefully and dispassionately examined.—The Bishop of Peterborough combines the consideration of a public and a personal question in "Betting, Gambling, and My Critics." Practically most sensible people are of opinion that a Bishop should be especially judicious in his utterances, and that, whether betting is a sin or not, indulgence in it has very often injurious consequences for numberless individuals.



adopted by Nursing Institutions throughout the country, many ladies and nurses have been devoting themselves for months past to dressing these dolls exactly as the nurses themselves are habited. The result is a remarkably interesting collection, which will show intending aspirants for nursing honours what they may expect in the matter of costume. Some of them were by no means unbecoming, and as they are all to be preserved as a record, it will be interesting to know whether the institutions with the prettier uniforms will attract more probationers than those whose garb is characterised by a severe simplicity.

THE FIRST LOAN ART EXHIBITION in the North of London will be held on January 6th, at the Camden School of School of Art, St. Bartholomew Road, Camden Road, N.W., on behalf of the building fund of the Great Northern Central Hospital. Princess Louise will open the Exhibition, which will continue for ten days.

In the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, Mr. W. O'Connor Morris begins what should be a useful series on "Great Commanders of Modern Times" with "Turenne."—Mr. G. W. Barroll and Mr. B. J. Angle collaborate on "Boxing," in such a way as to make clear to the uninitiated the primary mysteries of the noble art of self-defence.

Chambers' maintains its old reputation as a periodical, combining instruction and amusement. It contains two well-written serials, while "Rome in Transformation," "The Jenolan Caves of New South Wales," and "The Channel Bridge" are little suggestive of the more solid fare provided.

Naturally there are many changes rung on the subject of Christmas in the *Newbury House Magazine*. Among the most striking of the papers is "The True Spiritualism of the Incarnation Contrasted with Modern Theurgy," by the Rev. S. J. Eales, D.C.L. With reference to Occultism, he maintains that "any spirits with whom communications can be opened in this surreptitious manner must be spirits of evil," that complicity in attempts to

communicate with the spiritual world in this way is "highly dangerous," and that the trend and direction of the movement is anti-Christian.

"A Naval Officer" contributes to *Colburn's United Service Magazine* a thoughtful article on "Naval Officers and Missionaries." He appeals to his colleagues not to be neglectful of the higher questions which lie at the root of all professional ones.—A splendid incident in one of the country's past victories is recalled in "The Colours of the Buffs at Albuhera," by Captain R. Holden, Third Battalion Worcestershire Regiment.

A portrait of the great Viscount St. Albans is the frontispiece of the *Asclepiad*, and his services to the cause of medical progress are ably dealt with in an article on "Sir Francis Bacon as a Master of Physic."—In "Medicine and the Alcohol Controversy" Dr. B. W. Richardson treats of the gradual change of attitude of his own profession in the matter of total abstinence.

All the Year Round and *Home Chimes* continue to preserve those characteristic features to which their reputation is due.

The Supplement of the *Salon* contains several full-page engravings from foreign artists, and the subjects are all more or less attractive. There is one battle scene in which "Torpedo Boats" play an active part; and appear to be having very much their own way.

A fine picture of "Giuseppe Verdi" figures as the frontispiece of *Art and Literature*. There are, besides, two full-page mezzographs—one from Mrs. Waller's painting of "Perdita," the other from Mr. Eyre Crowe's "Military Honours."

The full-page illustrations in the *Scottish Art Review* are taken from "The Tower of Brass," by Mr. E. Burne Jones, A.R.A., and from "Folly," by Mr. E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A. We may also draw attention to the charmingly illustrated "Châteaux on the Loire," by Mr. Frank W. Simon.

A pleasant paper on "Nikita at Home," by Mrs. Frederick Dolman, occupies the first place in the *Woman's World*. Nikita, it would appear, is a very impulsive talker. A chance word will set free a flow of graphic description or vivacious chit-chat. With a knowledge of three or four languages, she never reads anything but English fiction. Her favourites are Wilkie Collins and the author of "Molly Bawn."—"An Arraignment of Fashion in Dress," by Mrs. Staples, and "The Choice and Arrangement of Furniture," by Mrs. Joyce, may be also commended to the reader's notice.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is a beautiful etching of Meissonier's painting, "The Halt."—Another full-page illustration is an engraving by Jonnard of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Hope Nursing Love."

The *Art Journal* has for its frontispiece an original etching of "Harrow Church," by Mr. Percy Robertson, while Mr. Percy Thornton contributes an interesting illustrated article on "Harrow School."—Most generally attractive, however, will be found "A Foreign Artist and Author in England," by M. P. Villars, to whose admirable sketches we have drawn attention on former occasions.



THE SMITHFIELD SHOW this year is remarkable for three new features, the first being the remarkable falling-off in the number of cattle exhibited; the second, the large number of animals disqualified on account of their age as entered being different from that shown by their dentition; and the third, the extraordinary success of Her Majesty as an exhibitor. After taking a number of important prizes at the preliminary Shows of Warwick and Birmingham, Her Majesty's successes are completed by the Championship of the Smithfield Show, which, on Monday evening, after an arduous competition, was awarded to a Shorthorn steer belonging to the Queen, a polled heifer belonging to Mr. Clement Stephenson, of Newcastle, being second. Of the thirteen animals sent by the Queen, six win first prizes, two win second prizes, and four win third prizes, one animal only being unnoticed. Her Majesty also takes the cup for the best Shorthorn in the Show.

THE PRINCE OF WALES was not so successful, but his victories are considerable, including the first prize for Southdown sheep, though not the championship of all the breeds, which goes to Mr. Edwin Ellis, of Shalford, near Guildford. The *proxime accessit* for the Championship was Mr. Juge of Tamworth.—In the pig class, the display of Berkshires was very fine, and the Championship went to that breed—Mr. Benjafield, of Motcombe, near Shaftesbury, taking it with a pen of two young pigs of very high average merit.

THE FARMERS' CLUB on Monday evening discussed agricultural education, and Mr. Druce opened the debate with a printed address, which showed that Ireland in this matter was in advance of Great Britain, and Scotland of England. He deplored the South Kensington system as a failure, but was doubtful as to what efficient substitute could be provided, except in the way of cheaper agricultural colleges than those of Downton and Cirencester. Sir Richard Paget thought that technical education might easily begin too early, but was convinced that nothing could be worse than the South Kensington régime, which made an open boast of its impractical character. Canon Brereton thought that an agricultural class should be founded in all country schools.

WARM MILK is already to be obtained at the different shops of the Express Farm Dairy, and also at a few railway stations. But for the most part, and especially in the country, where it is most easy to obtain in a state of purity, this, perhaps the best of all winter foods, is almost entirely neglected. During the Lancashire famine it was found that an average adult person can exist upon 4,100 grains of carbon, and 190 grains of nitrogen. Now milk contains these two elements not only largely, but also in due proportion, one pound of new milk consisting of 599 grains of carbon, and 44 of nitrogen. Five pounds of new milk would therefore be more than sufficient to provide the nitrogenous or flesh-forming material required by an ordinary man, while the deficiency in the carbon would be made up by a single slice of bread. Milk in any large quantity is not easily digestible when cold, and in warm weather it is not palatable, when itself made warm. But in cold weather the raising of the temperature becomes an advantage. It is to be hoped that the use of milk among the lower classes will steadily increase.

THE LOWLANDS have good grain crops this year; and, while wheat is very low in price, barley is yielding a good profit, and oats are paying their way. A large breadth has been sown this autumn with wheat. The stowing of swedes and turnips has been the chief work on the farm during the last fortnight. The task has latterly been interrupted by snowstorms. A large yield of sound and healthy potatoes does not afford the farmer the profit it ought to do, for prices are exceedingly low, and the tubers scarcely pay to send to market. Fully an average number of cattle are being fattened; but, unfortunately, the prices at which they were generally bought will not, as left at present sells, leave much profit to the feeder.

Sheep upon turnips are thriving well, and mutton commands a high price in the fat-stock markets. Several important farms on the Borders have been recently let at a slight advance on the rents of a year ago, and generally the prospects of Lowland farming appear to show some improvement.

WHEAT.—He is a bold man nowadays who advises a farmer to grow wheat. Yet two well-known agricultural writers have, within the same week, and in obvious independence of one another, been found to give this advice. The one writer thinks that a rise of 25 per cent. in wheat values for 1890 is probable; stating the present average as representing neither profit nor loss, he points out that 25 per cent. profit will pay the farmer both for capital and for labour. The second writer is of opinion that the decade 1880-9 has settled wheat values for 1890-9 at a minimum of 30s. and a maximum of 35s. per qr. He shows with much truth how a wide range of prices such as used to prevail is injurious to agricultural credit, as wages and expenses follow the average, while bankers and other creditors will only advance money on the minimum. He therefore predicts, with a small range of value, and wheat-growing restricted to likely soils, a revival of credit for the cereal farmer. May the anticipations of both writers be realised! We do not want to see our wheat-land going out of cultivation, and we greatly desire to see English money invested in recovering English agriculture rather than in Colorado silver mines or the settlement of new African provinces.

THE RYE-CROP of England is not a matter of much moment, only 60,000 acres, growing 300,000 qrs., being devoted to the black bread which as late as the reign of Charles II. was the staple food of the English people. Rye, however, is still indirectly of considerable importance to us, seeing that it is grown in Russia to the extent of 90,000,000 qrs., in Germany to the extent of 30,000,000 qrs., in France to the extent of 8,000,000 qrs., and in Austria-Hungary to the extent of 11,000,000 qrs. These are the returns of an ordinary year. Now this season France, the smallest grower, is the only one that has a good crop; all the others are deficient, and in Russia the deficiency is reckoned at the enormous total of 20,000,000 qrs. Taking all Europe together, it appears that there is a nett deficiency in the yield of rye of not less than 30,000,000 qrs. How is this to be made up? Partly from potatoes, which, fortunately, are a large crop in Germany this year. But the rest will be made up from wheat, and higher prices both for wheat and rye seem accordingly likely, the possibility of a mild winter and under-average wants alone keeping the markets for the time being in check.

BIRD LORE.—The migration of the dotterel this season presaged the heavy snow which the Meteorological Office failed to discern; while, on the morning of the 3rd, the "sweet-sweet" of the chaffinch announced an equally unpredicted thaw. The cold has overtaken the birds rather cruelly this season, and already a good many deaths have occurred. The wonderfully mild November actually encouraged yellow-hammers and other indiscreet creatures to begin nesting; while the sudden change in the temperature, which is highly prejudicial to human beings, is still more serious in its effect upon fur and feathers—articles of raiment which require radical adaptation to an altered reading of the thermometer.



It is not often that there appears so thoroughly entertaining a work as "Arminell; A Social Romance," by the author of "Mehalah," &c. (3 vols.: Methuen and Co.). We use the rather old-fashioned "entertaining" in preference to the more usual "amusing," because, while nothing could well be more amusing, it is also a great deal more. Mr. Baring-Gould has in this singular romance given himself for once full licence; he has allowed none of the customs and conventionalities of fiction to interfere with his humour, which runs, without transition, into all sorts of forms, and almost always into that form which at the moment is the least expected—satire, caricature, paradox, sermon, fable, with or without moral, a hundred other things; and so mingled that one never knows whether sheer farce may not be leading up to the grimmest tragedy. It is thus, it need not be said, an exceedingly difficult work to describe; but anybody who wishes to study a masterpiece of grim and grotesque satire cannot do better than read how Stephen Saltren came to mistake a shilling volume of Gaboriau's novels for a new Gospel which had literally been sent down to him out of heaven—it may sound like nonsense when thus stated, but it is very far indeed from being nonsense in the hands of Mr. Baring-Gould. The scheme of the novel is mainly that most burning of all questions, the relations of class and class, which are dealt with by accounting for social antipathies and hostilities by the general prevalence of muddleheadedness; a quality which he illustrates in most of its types and branches, from the vague "Weltschmerz" of his heroine, Arminell, to the tailor who was quite sure that the coroner burked an inquest because the suspected man's wife's aunt was his landlady, and he was afraid of having his shirt-fronts iron-moulded. The romance is equally well worth perusal, whether for the purpose of mere interest and amusement, or for the sake of a lesson which readers may well be left to discover and apply for themselves. But a little humour must be brought to bear on the reader's part; otherwise he, or she, will assuredly be left as "pretty considerably bamboozled" as Mr. James Welsh left Lord Lamerton.

"Ruby: a Novel, Founded on the Life of a Circus Girl," by Amye Reade, and illustrated by Talbot Hughes (1 vol.: Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company), is written with the very evident purpose of calling attention to the treatment of circus girls by their employers. In a note at the end of her volume Miss Reade declares that she has not over-coloured her facts. Hence it must be taken, on the evidence of her own knowledge, that girls of sixteen or nineteen allow themselves, without appeal to the police or the magistrates, to be stripped naked and brutally flogged by riding masters; that the victims, in spite of this barbarous treatment, are nevertheless able to continue performances requiring the best bodily condition; and that the employers are so regardless of their own interests as recklessly to damage their voluntary slaves. If these things be true, it

is simply astounding that any girl can be found so imbecile as to submit to such treatment without a shadow of necessity. In the next case that comes to Miss Reade's knowledge, her best course will be, not to write a novel, but the less troublesome and more useful one of seeing that the proper person is given into custody on the proper charge. We are the more ready to proffer this very simple piece of advice, inasmuch as novel-writing, to judge from "Ruby," does not seem to be much in her line. But if she does give it a successor, she will do well to remember that in fiction, even of the realistic sort, it is customary to take the bulk of the swearing for granted: not only because readers, as a rule, dislike monotonous strings of oaths, but because it suggests that the author is suffering from the juvenile weakness of thinking it very fine to scribble naughty words.

"Lord Allanroe; or, Marriage Not a Failure," by "B.E.T.A." (1 vol.: Digby and Long), is dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone as a "Jubilee Memorial" of their golden wedding. The title prepares the reader for prefixing to each chapter some gem from the *Daily Telegraph* correspondence on the marriage question; but in no case does the quotation, however profound or exquisite in itself, prepare the reader for the contents of the chapter which it introduces—unless indeed in the manner of style, which proves that "B.E.T.A." has thoroughly assimilated the voluminous literature on the question of questions, and made its well-known characteristics all her own. There are not, however, many marriages of the kind discussed by "B.E.T.A." Her hero and heroine marry at the respective ages of ten and seven—it is true that it was only in play at a child's party; but then it was in Scotland, where novelists seem to imagine that the legal essence of a marriage is that it should be absurd. The children, when grown up, have forgotten one another; and when, as man and woman, they meet again, fall in love, and marry, each is horrified to learn that, by the law of Novel-land, each had been married to somebody whom he does not identify with his wife, nor she with her husband. Worse still, a man turns up to claim to have been the wife's only real and original husband. As, of course, they are far too noble-minded to come to any explanation, they part without one, and, but for a happy accident, their marriage would have been a very decided case of failure. As it is, they are left with every prospect of being able to keep, should Lord Allanroe live to ninety, and his bride to eighty-eight, their eightieth wedding-day. All this prodigious nonsense is written, as we have said, in appropriate style, with plenty of gush, sentiment, and "heart's darlings," and therefore appeals to a wide circle of sympathetic readers, especially as all the characters belong to very high society.

"A Loyal Mind," by Eleanor C. Price (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), is one of those provoking stories in which the heroine appeals for sympathy on the ground of cruelly and selfishly sacrificing the happiness of those to whom she owes love and duty for the sake of keeping a promise which ought never to have been made. In the present case, things right themselves of their own accord so easily that the needless complication is even more provoking than usual. For the rest, the novel is decidedly colourless; but it is well written, and certainly equal to the average of fiction.

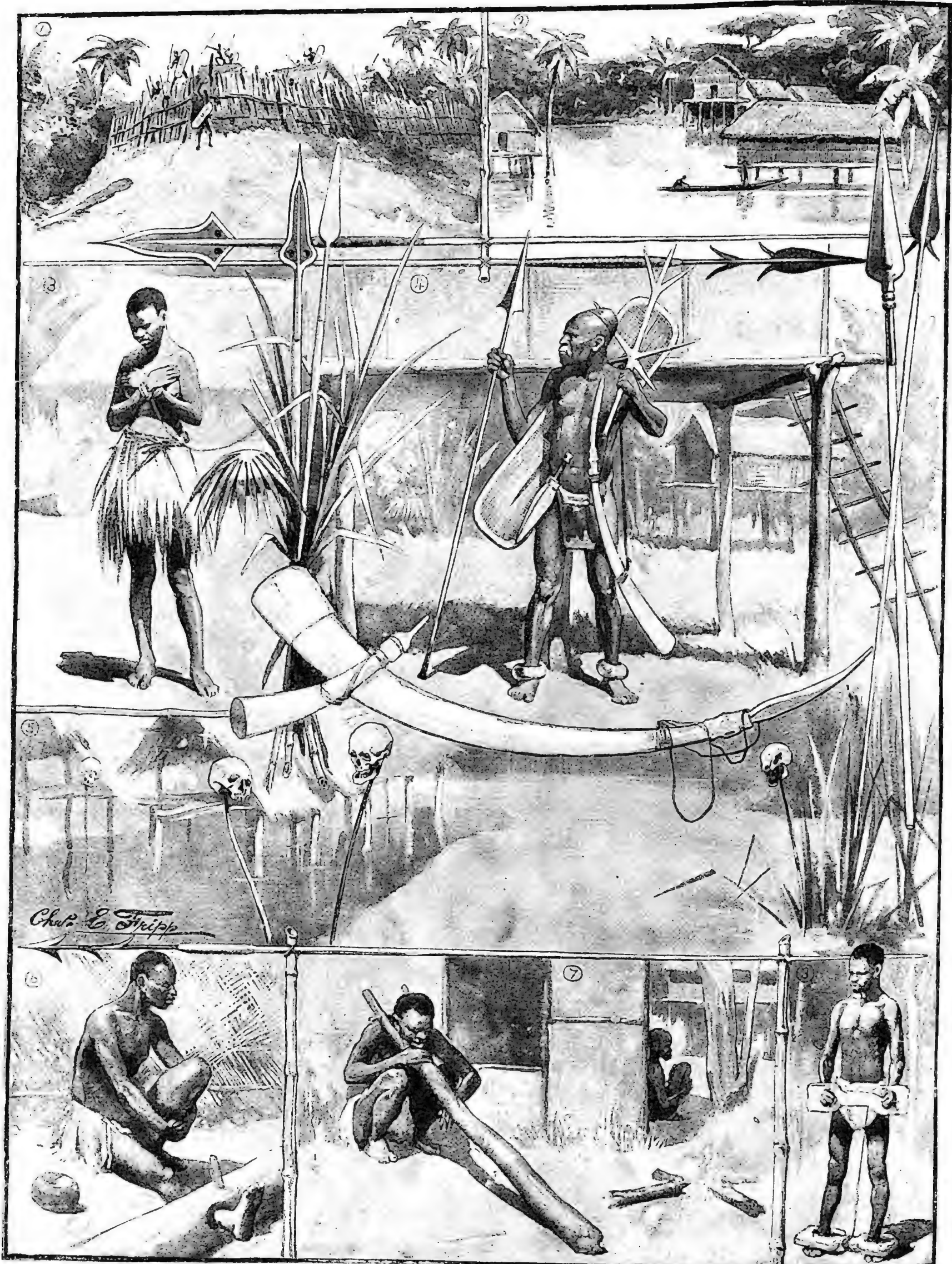
The situation upon which is based "The Spanish Poniard: being the Story of the Remorse of Ambrose Drybridge," by Thomas Pinkerton (1 vol.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), is striking in itself, and dramatically given. A man who had long ago committed an undetected murder, and has become blind, undergoes a successful operation for the recovery of his sight; and things have so happened that the first object upon which his eyes open when the bandages are removed is the dagger with which he had committed his crime. This is well led up to; and here Mr. Pinkerton should have contrived to end his story, instead of dragging it on lamely to no conclusion at all. The scene is laid at Warwick, at the beginning of the Civil War; and both public and private incidents are picturesquely rendered, without any "Wardour Street" affectation.

ENTERTAINMENT AT ST. ANDREW'S HALL

THE fourth entertainment to provide the poor of St. Pancras with Christmas dinners was held in St. Andrew's Hall, Newman Street, on December 6th, under the direction of Mr. F. J. Davies. These dinners are the development of a sort of treat to the poor of the Parish of St. Pancras, the administration of which, however, was not successful till Mr. Davies took the matter in hand some four years ago, and, by means of a small entertainment, raised some 25/-; the following year, extended, it produced something like 50/-, and last year, the first occasion of holding the meeting in St. Andrew's Hall, 105/- was realised. This time Mr. Davies is to be congratulated on having collected the sum of 150/-, the list being headed by a donation from the Princess of Wales. The money is distributed among the churches in St. Pancras irrespective of denomination. Mr. Davies, in a speech before the collection, thanked those present for what they had already done, and proceeded to say that he had discovered the secret, long sought by alchemists of old, the secret of making gold—they had not used the proper form of crucible, which



he had found in the shape of woman's beauty, and the talents of the friends who performed in aid of this charity that night. The entertainment was a great success, and included some excellent music, vocal and instrumental, and a set of comic tableaux imitation waxworks, in which, amongst others, were shown the Bearded Lady, Babes in the Wood, Chinese Giant, and Blue Beard and Fatima.



1. The Inhabitants of Mompona Village make a Hostile Demonstration 2. Ekala, a Native Village on Piles 4. Ecala Nkusu, a Chief of the Town of Busumba 5. The Deserted Village—Result of a Slave Raid
3. A Slave Girl for Sale 6, 7, 8. Different Methods of Securing Slaves

SCENES ON THE CONGO, AFRICA
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



"THE GONDOLIERS."—In the tenth of the series of comic operas entitled *The Gondoliers*, or *the King of Barataria*, produced amidst a scene of great enthusiasm at the Savoy Theatre on Saturday night, Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan have reverted to the lighter and more farcical manner which for a time they had quitted. *The Gondoliers* in point of fact is written in the style of the *Mikado*, the story being farcical, and its treatment in Mr. Gilbert's well-known whimsical manner, while the music is of the lightest and brightest possible character. In one respect, however, *The Gondoliers* differs from all its predecessors. Never before has Sir Arthur Sullivan so freely revelled in the humorous in music, rarely before have there been so few specimens of the drawing-room song style, and never until now has he so fully utilised the vast store of dance and other national music. In *The Gondoliers* we indeed have from time to time, not only more or less closely-imitated specimens of the English part-song, the old English ballad, and the English "catch," but the composer has also borrowed from France the stately gavotte, from Spain the Andalusian cachucha, from Italy the saltarello and the tarantella, and from Venice itself (in which the scene of the first act is laid) the Venetian barcarolle. These brilliant melodies were set in a framework of Sir Arthur Sullivan's most refined and finished orchestration, and admirably performed by the company now gathered at the Savoy.

The story is simple enough. A couple of the handsomest

gondoliers in Venice have resolved to marry, and, permitting the girls to blindfold their eyes, have resolved

To let impartial Fate
Select for each a mate.

There is a capital game at blind man's buff, in which the busy bustle and the laughter of the girls contrasts effectively with the solid unison chorus, "My papa he keeps three horses," sung by the men; until at last the two gondoliers catch two of the prettiest contadine—to wit, Misses Jessie Bond and Ulmar. Towards the end of the act it is discovered that one of the gondoliers is the heir to the now vacant throne of Barataria, he having been brought as a child to Venice, and entrusted to the care of "a highly respectable gondolier." There are difficulties in the way—first because the two Venetians have already been married to the two contadine immediately before the discovery has been made that one of them is King, and also because

Owing, I'm much disposed to fear,
To his terrible taste for tipping,
That highly respectable gondolier
Could never declare, with a mind sincere,
Which of the two was his offspring dear,
And which the Royal stripling!

Moreover, in his babyhood, the real king, whoever he may be, was married by proxy to the baby daughter of a grandee of Spain, who, accompanied by his "own Particular Private Drum," has just arrived in an impecunious and somewhat dilapidated condition. All that can be done, therefore, is to induce the two gondoliers to leave Venice immediately and reign jointly in Barataria, until it is discovered which of the two is the genuine monarch. In the second act the comical details of this paradoxical situation are thoroughly grasped by Mr. Gilbert. The gondoliers have, on becoming monarchs, not entirely dissociated themselves from plebeian

ideas of social equality. Consequently, at the outset, we find them seated on thrones cleaning the crown and sceptre, complaining bitterly that, although two individuals, yet, on the specious plea that they are one monarch, they are only permitted rations for one. The joint monarchs, however, miss the wives they have left behind them in Venice, who forthwith follow them chattering, inquire how they are treated by their subjects, indignantly protest against the idea of the wife who had been married by proxy, and being whimsically informed that the product is "two-thirds of a husband to each wife," declare that they "can't marry a vulgar fraction." The gondoliers are by no means at home in their new surroundings, and when the plot is cleared up and the real aspirant to the throne is discovered in the person of the grandee's attendant—yes, as he has hitherto been called, the "Private Drum," they blithely accept the situation and carry off their chosen wives back to Venice.

Such a sketch of the plot gives, however, no idea of the wealth of humour to be found in both libretto and music. For example, in the first act, nothing could very well be funnier than the language of the older Italian school of opera with its exclamations: "O ciel!" "Buon giorno," and "Io t'amo," sung on the first entry of the two boatmen. Again, nothing could be prettier than the charming duet for the two girls who have just been caught at blind-man's-buff, nor more comical than the refrain of the Duke's entry:—

And if ever, ever, ever
They get back to Spain
They will, never, never, never
Cross the sea again—

with an obbligato played upon the one of those old-fashioned long side-drums, such as Marlborough's army might have used at Malplaquet; nor more effective than the thoroughly English song, "No

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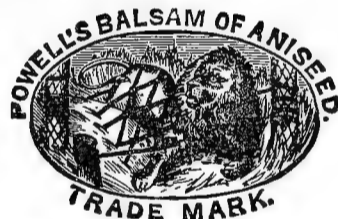
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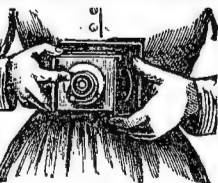
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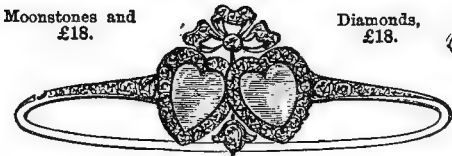
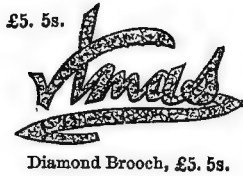
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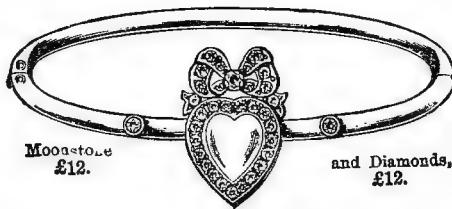
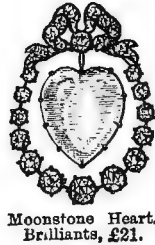
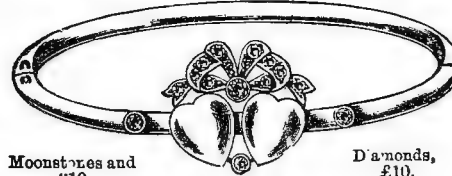
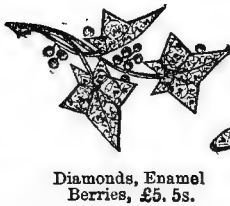
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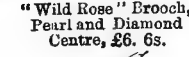
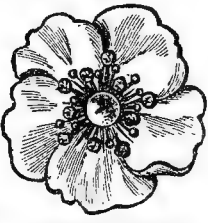
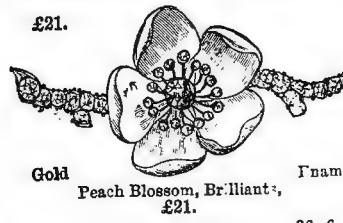
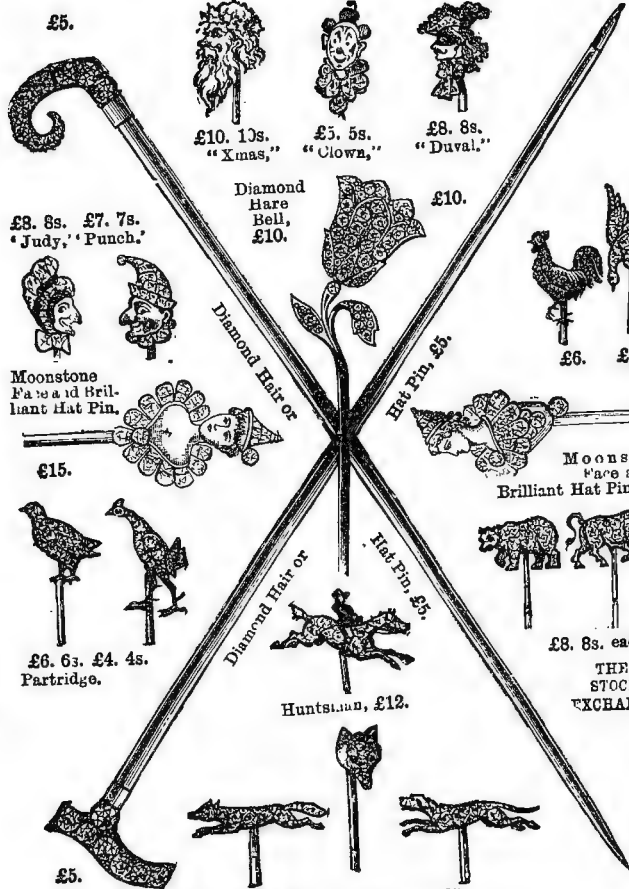
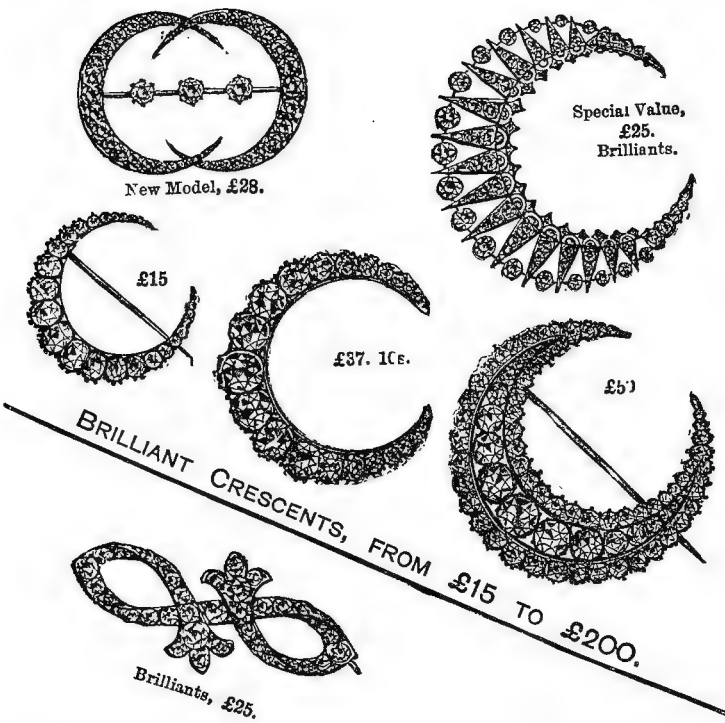
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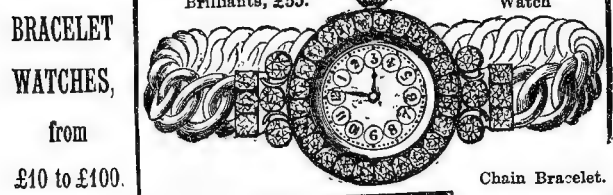
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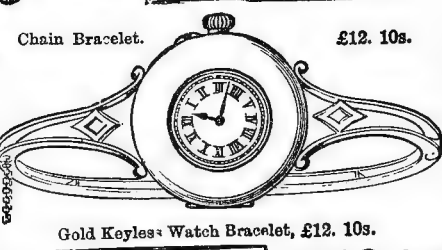


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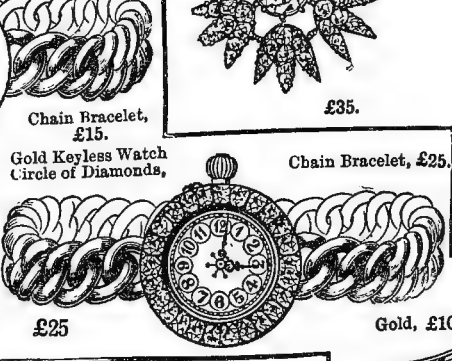
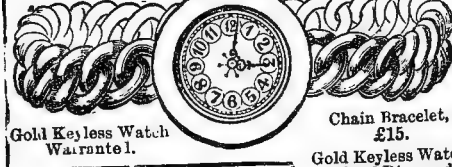
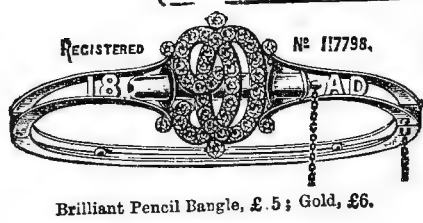
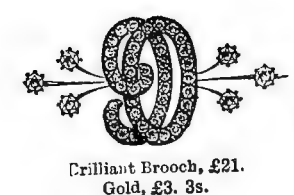
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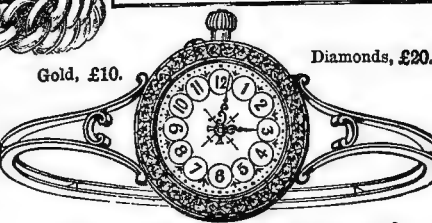
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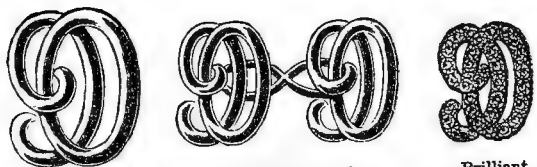
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Possible Doubt Whatever," as sung by the Grand Inquisitor. Again the quintet, "Try we life long," is obviously based upon the style of an English glee; Tessa's pretty ditty, "When a Merry Maiden Marries," may probably be a gentle parody of a well-known song by Mr. Molloy; while the melodious song sung just before the finale by Miss Ulmar was unanimously encored by the audience, if only for the dainty sentiment expressed in the last two lines of every verse,

Ah nie, you men will never understand
That woman's heart is one with woman's hand!

The first *finis*, although not so elaborate, is one of the best Sir Arthur Sullivan has ever written. Nothing could be funnier than the Sullivanian quartet and dance of the "Right Down Regular Royal Queen," which the audience uproariously encored.

Then again there is a most comical, and thoroughly original, duet, in which the twin monarchs each alternately sing a word, even dividing the syllables, so that the duet, from a musical point of view, practically is a solo. Then there are also a "tarantella," a dashing Republican song, and a charming duet, in which the two wives give their departing husbands some exceedingly good advice.

In the second act there is more of Mr. Gilbert's whimsical dialogue, and his song-words are equally diverting. The tenor song, with its delicate accompaniment for strings *pizzicati*—imitating a mandolin—excellently sung by Mr. Courtice Pounds, and of which great things were hoped, unfortunately fell flat, certainly through no fault of the vocalist. Then there is a humorous duet sung by the two wives, each taking alternate lines; the "Spanish cachucha," danced by the whole company to the clinking of castanets; an excellent song for the Grand Inquisitor, once more

thoroughly English in character; a song for Miss Brandram; a duet for that lady and Mr. Wyatt, in which the Duke and Duchess disclose how the former can always contrive to earn a living, and a charming gavotte. The gem of the second act is, however, to be found in the extremely humorous and original quartet sung by the two young married couples while they are attempting to discover which of the two gondoliers has been married in infancy. It starts with a solemn psalm-like melody sung in unison by four voices, upon which each soloist—somewhat after the manner adopted in the old-fashioned "catch" before "cross-readings" were introduced—sings a rapid set of variations upon the theme.

The Savoy operas are placed upon the stage in so admirably finished a fashion by Mr. Gilbert, that the critic has really nothing but absolute eulogy to offer. In regard to the cast of *The Gondoliers*, Mr. Grossmith has left the company; while Mr. Rutland Barrington, one of the oldest of the Savoy favourites, has returned to play in association with that excellent vocalist and actor, Mr. Courtice Pounds, the part of one of the gondolier-kings. No better exponent of the parts of the contadine could be desired than Miss Geraldine Ulmar and Miss Jessie Bond. Mr. Wyatt is added to the cast to play the part of the dilapidated Spanish Grandee, who converts himself into a company, and, as the "Duke of Plaza Toro, Limited," is delighted to discover that he has "been floated at a premium," the public having "applied for him over and over again." Miss Brandram, as his Duchess, was capital, while Miss Decima Moore, a very young pupil of Madame Rose Hersee, made a highly successful debut in the part of the Duchess's daughter, which she sang sweetly, and played very prettily. Mr. Brownlow was the "Particular Private Drum," and Mr. Deany delighted everybody by his artistic and thoroughly-finished impersonation of the character of the Grand Inquisitor. The scenery

includes a view from the Piazzetta at Venice, looking through the columns surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark and the statue of St. Ambrose, on to the broad lagoon, with the island and church of San Giorgio Maggiore in the distance; and, in the second act in *Sancho Panza's* mythical island of Barataria, a Moorish pavilion, with huge silver hanging lamps, its gigantic palms stretching to the ceiling, and a fountain from which real water is flowing.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Among these we may mention a successful Ballad Concert; capital vocal recitals by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel and M.M. Heinrich and Schönbberger (the latter devoted to Schumann's music); a Hallé Orchestral Concert, at which Dvorák's third symphony was given; Mr. Mann's farewell for this year of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, when Mr. Cliffe was called to the platform after the performance of his symphony, and Miss Marian Osborn, of the Royal College, made a highly satisfactory debut as a pianist; a Guildhall School Concert, at which Mr. Weist Hill directed portions of Berlioz's *Faust*; and on Tuesday concerts by the Stock Exchange Amateur Orchestra and the Musical Guild.

NOTES AND NEWS.—M. Gounod and Sir Arthur Sullivan are to be invited to write works specially for the next Gloucester Festival.—Mr. Cowen's new English idyllic cantata, *St. John's Eve*, dedicated to the music lovers of Australia, will be produced at the Crystal Palace to-day (Saturday).—Mr. Sims Reeves, owing to a severe bronchial attack, has postponed his farewell tour of the provinces till after Christmas.—H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany has signified her intention of being present at the concert to be given by the Children's Orchestra (of which H.R.H. the Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, is President) in aid of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo Bridge Road, on January 25th next, at Westminster Town Hall.



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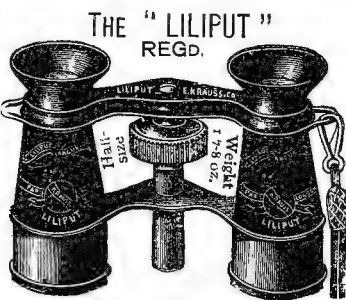
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Samples and Price Lists, post free.
PER DOZEN—
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Ladies' 2/11½
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IRISH LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS.

"Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular*.

COLLARS—Ladies' and Children's 3-fold, 3/6 per dozen; Gent's 4-fold, 4/11 to 5/11 per dozen.

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(By Special Appointments to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany, &c.)

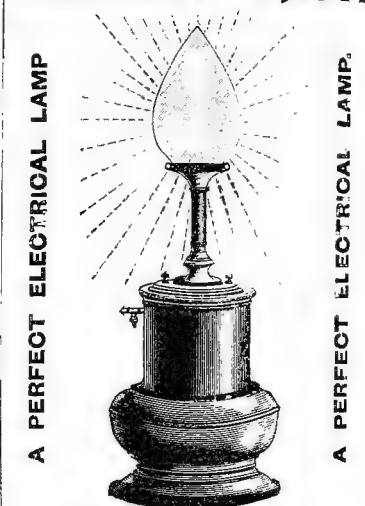
INVIGORATING LAVENDER SALTS.

(REGD.)
The popular new Smelling Salts of the Crown Perfumery Co., appreciated alike in palace, mansion, and cottage as a most refreshing luxury. No more rapid or pleasant cure for a headache is possible, while the stopper left out for a few moments enables a delightful perfume to escape, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably.—*Le Petit*.

Made only by the CROWN PERFUMERY CO., 77, NEW BOND STREET. Sold Everywhere.



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LIST FREE BY POST. S. FISHER, 188, STRAND



THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD

THIS ORIGINAL and WORLD-RENOUNDED DIETETIC PREPARATION IS A SUBSTANCE of UNRIVALLED purity and medicinal worth—potent for good and powerless to harm. A solid extract, derived by a new process from very superior growths of wheat—nothing more and a food, it would be difficult to come to any other more wholesome and delicious. It has justly acquired the reputation of being a "salvator" FOR INVALIDS AND THE AGED; an incomparable growth and protection of INFANTS AND CHILDREN; continued food for nursing mothers & convalescents; and a reliable in all diseases of the stomach and intestines. John Carle & Sons, New York.



THE MIRACLE.—Light intensified. Small type read from a match 20 feet away. Applicable to candles, lamps and gas. Powerful light, marvellous economy for home or business. Thousands selling. State if for lamps or gas. Simple, 1s. 1d.; three, 3s. post free. GLOBE L. C. COMPANY, 576, City Road, London



FITS. EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICK. NEEDED.—If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, discard prejudice, and write to THE SECRETARY, Burwood House, Burwood Place, Hyde Park, London. He will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.



THE NEW JAPANESE LOTUS-LILY PERFUMERY
HASU-NO-HANA
Marvellously Fragrant
PERFUME, 2 G & 5.
SOAP, SACHET & DENTIFRICE, 1/- EACH.
J. GROSSMITH, SON & CO.
Wholesale Perfumers & Fine Soap Makers
(EMPORIUM OF ORIENTAL ODOURS.)
85 NEWGATE ST., LONDON, E.C.

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STERLING SILVER ORNAMENTS COPIED FROM ANTIQUE DESIGNS.



GODWIN AND SON, 304, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON (Established 1802) (Immediately Opposite First Avenue Hotel).

BEECHAM'S NEW YEAR PUZZLE.

*Divide the
Paper into three
pieces, and
adjust the figures*

1

8

9

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*to read the usual
way—*

1890.

More Rhymes for Beecham's Chimes.

MID loud congratulation,
MID the festive Christmas throng,
A mighty British nation
Would wonder what was wrong;
And millions might inquire,
If a message did not reach 'em
From the universal BEECHAM
Of St. Helens, Lancashire.

! ! !

So fill up a bumper:—be merry and wise;
Enjoy the good cheer, with its puddings and pies!
But while fun and feasting the joyous pulse thrills,
Remember the virtues of famed BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Or, when you've a moment, sit down and peruse,
What, to all friends of Beecham, will read like good news.
How Advertisement grand, with her myriad-toned voice,
Has told all the earth of the Pills of your choice.

In Britain, at places of seaside resort,
From Boat-sails that skimm'd o'er the waves we were taught,
And from Bathing-machines, 'mong the sands and the rocks
We have learned of the Pills WORTH A GUINEA A BOX!

The thousands of journals that flood town and city
Have teemed with engravings, delightful or witty,
Whose object and effort were ever the same—
To publish a WONDERFUL MEDICINE'S fame.

And School-books, to help on each Master and Miss,
Were given by the ton!—and the notion was this:—
Graft the ROSE-BUD OF HEALTH upon fair Wisdom's root,
And the youthful idea will the easier shoot!

In France, too, that nation of genius and grace,
Of late BEECHAM'S PILLS found a wide-welcomed place;
While the far East and India constantly cry—
"The Pills ACT LIKE MAGIC—increase our supply!"

To distant America, south of the line,
They oft were dispatched in this year 'eighty-nine.—
But reader, adieu;—for our space quickly fills;
Take BEECHAM'S best wishes, and take—BEECHAM'S PILLS!

POSTSCRIPT.

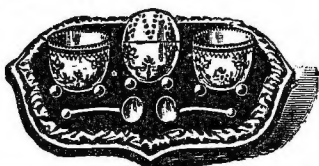
A word to the wise.—BEECHAM'S ANNUAL is OUT!
Of all Christmas Numbers, the BEST, without doubt.
Though a Shilling's the worth, yet a Penny's the price!
Give news agent orders, with this sound advice—

"Let there be no delay: Try and get it to-day,
For 'tis certain they'll all be snapped up in a trice!"

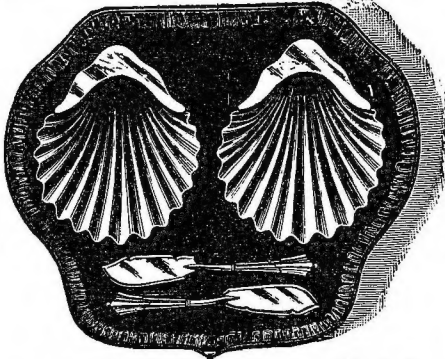
MAPPIN & WEBB'S



Two Crimped Edge Sterling Silver Salts and Spoons, in Rich Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £1 12s. 6d. Four in Case, £3.



Two Sterling Silver Salt Cellars, Spoons, and Muffineer, in Morocco Case. £2.



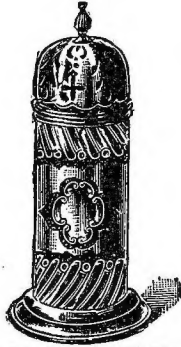
Two Solid Silver Escallop Butter Shells and Two Knives, in Morocco Case, lined Silk, £4 15s. One Shell and Knife, in Case, £2 10s.



Sterling Silver Fern Pot, Richly Chased (various patterns). Gilt Inside, £1 16s.



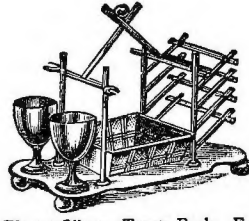
Electro Silver Piano Candlestick, "Corinthian" pattern, 6 inches high, £4 15s. per pair. Solid Silver, £6 15s.



Richly Chased Solid Silver Sugar Caster, Height, 7 inches, £4.



Escallop Butter Shell and Knife, With Glass Lining, Sterling Silver, £2 2s. Electro Silver, 12s. 6d.



Electro Silver Toast Rack, Egg Frame and Butter Dish combined, £2 10s. Solid Silver, £8 10s.

ART SILVER PRESENTS.

158, OXFORD STREET, W., and 18, POULTRY, E.C.



Regd. Scutell Sugar Basin Solid Silver, £5 5s. Best Electro, £1 5s.



Butter Knife with Ivory Handle. In Best Morocco Case. Sterling Silver, 14s. Electro Silver ditto, Engraved Blade, 8s.



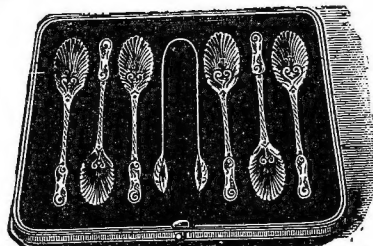
Repoussé Chased Silver Hair Brush, £4 10s. Hand Mirror to match, £4 4s. Velvet & Cloth Brush to match, each £1 5s.

XMAS LIST, 250 Illustrations, Post Free.

Solid Silver "Toby" Cream Jug.



Height, 2 1/2 inches, £2 2s.



Six Solid Silver Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, Best Morocco Case, £2 15s. Best Electro, £1 11s. 6d.

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3,000 KURD RUGS at 6s. 6d. each.
TURKEY CARPETS
 Have never been so low in price as at present. Ask for price for any size.
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 500 Bordered Carpets, made from remnants and old patterns, always in Stock at Reduced Prices.
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 IS WELL SEASONED, AND THEREFORE WEARS WELL.
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ELEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.
ANATOLIAN RUGS (in all Sizes), **DECCAN RUGS**, 12/6 EACH (Size about 7 ft. by 4 ft.), **DAGHESTAN RUGS**.
AXMINSTER, WILTON, BRUSSELS, AND SAXONY CARPETS AT REDUCED PRICES.

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PUMILINE, THE NEW "PINE" TREATMENT.



Recommended by Sir Morell Mackenzie and more than 700 EMINENT ENGLISH DOCTORS, and in use at all the SPAS and THERAPEUTIC ESTABLISHMENTS in Europe.

PUMILINE SOAP
 6d., 9d., and 1s. Per Tablet.
 SUPERFATTED WITH LANOLINE,
 Ensures a SPOTLESS SKIN, and a BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

The presence of the Essence of the PUMILIO PINE in its purest state ensures that VELVETY CONDITION OF THE SKIN which no other Soap can ever confer.

PUMILINE OINTMENT
 1s. 1 1/2d. and 2s. 9d. Per Pot.

An unrivalled preparation for ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS. GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF to the most ACUTE IRRITATION. Admirable both as a medicinal agent and toilet requisite.

The PUMILINE EXTRACT (1s. per bottle), FOR USE IN BATHS, is also highly efficacious—Soothing, Healing, Invigorating.

CAUTION—Ask for STERN'S PUMILINE—None other is Genuine. Of all Chemists, or will be sent on receipt of Remittance (with 3d. extra for postage) by the Proprietors.

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 A useful Pamphlet on the "HOME USES OF PUMILINE" Post Free to all Applicants.

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IRISH LINENS
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PONCEE SILKS.—1,000 Pieces in every shade that art can suggest, at special prices, notwithstanding the great advance in Silk Goods, 1/0 1/2, 1/3 1/2, 1/6 1/2, 1/11 1/2 per yard.
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THE PERFECTION.—Bonnet et Cie manufacture this silk. Worn by Royalty. Vide Fashions: "The manufacturers have excelled themselves." 4/6, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11.
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OTHER COSTUME CLOTHS, in great variety, from 6 1/2d. to 4/6 per yard.
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"So Clean"



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Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, S.Sc. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene, Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium, Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's Green, W., Dublin, reports:—

February 15, 1883.—I have carefully analysed specimens of "SUNLIGHT SOAP" submitted to me for that purpose by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Warrington, and the following are the results at which I have arrived:—* * * The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I EMPLOY THE SOAP, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it. (Signed) CHARLES A. CAMERON.



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WATCHES, their own pure English manufacture, with all Russell's latest patented improvements, range from £3 to £35. They are handsome, strong, and perfect timekeepers, represent the largest stock and best value in England, there being no intermediate profit between the manufacturer and the wearer. Sent free everywhere at Russell's risk and cost on receipt of draft or postal order. Illustrated Pamphlet sent post free on application.

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—SULPHOLINE SOAP gives the natural tint and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion. By washing with Sulpholine Soap the skin becomes spotless, clear, smooth, supple, healthy, and comfortable. Tablets Sixpence. Sold everywhere.

For its rich handsome appearance, lovely artistic draperies, and sterling good wearing qualities, we recommend that wonderful resemblance to the richest Silk Velvet,

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Ask for the New Winter Colours,
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NOTE WELL.—Every yard of the genuine bears the Name (spelled L-O-U-I-S), and is Guaranteed.

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For the CURE of
BAD LEGS, OLD WOUNDS, SORES & ULCERS
For BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,
GOUT, RHEUMATISM, GLANDULAR
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And all Skin Diseases, it has no equal.

This Food should be tried wherever other nourishment has not proved entirely satisfactory. It is already Cooked—Requires neither boiling nor straining—Is made in a minute

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A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Infants and Young Children, supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this food, which needs only to be tried to be permanently adopted.

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As Companion, or Working House-keeper, where Servant is kept, or Care of an Invalid. Exceptional references. Apply T. M., No. 6, Heron Road, Herne Hill, S.E.



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BLACKING
No brushes required. Applied with sponge attached to the cork. Gives a brilliant polish, equal to patent leather, to Boots, Shoes, Harness and Leather articles, which lasts a week in all weathers. Mud can be washed off and polish remains. Sold everywhere.



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No. 1 size, as shown above . . . £8 8
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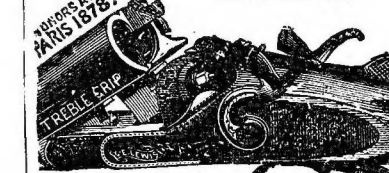
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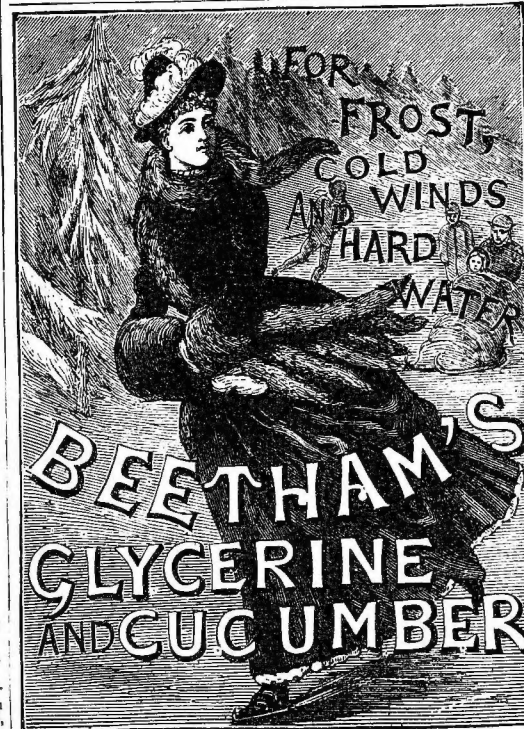
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As above from 15 Guineas.
Or with Backwork Locks,
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The most perfect Emollient Milk for
PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN

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It keeps the SKIN, SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE During the COLDEST WEATHER. Entirely removes and prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, &c. And preserves THE SKIN from the effects of

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More effectually than any other preparation. If applied after Dancing or visiting Heated Apartments it will be found delightfully Cooling and Refreshing. Beware of injurious imitations. "BEETHAM'S" is the only genuine.

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This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come so much into public favour, on account of its great properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants throughout the kingdom, and at a considerably less price than formerly.

N.B.—To minimise breakages it has been found necessary to use plain glass bottles, with the inscription engraved instead of in relief.

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THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

NORTON'S
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Are confidently recommended as a simple but certain remedy for
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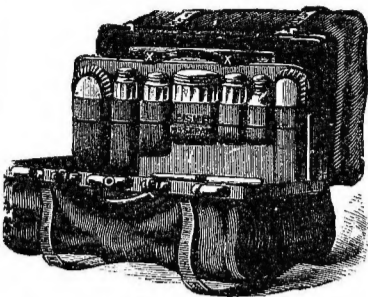
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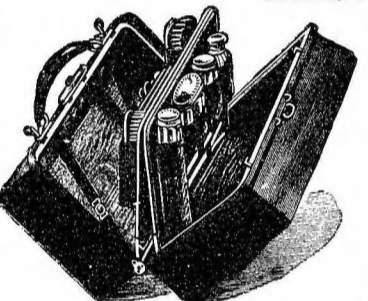
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In BLACK and ALL NEW Colors,
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